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THE SAGAMORE

NOVEMBER

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NOVEMBER

1901

THE SAGAMORE

CONTENTS

Historical Note 3
An Afternoon with the Dentist 4
The Sagamore 5
The Trial Trip of the Kentucky 7
How the Championship was Won 9
The Amusements of My Great-Grandmother 10
Board of Editors — Advertising Rates 13
Editorials 14
Football 17
Locals 23
News Notes 24
Alumni Notes 27
Constitution B. H. S. Athletic Association 28

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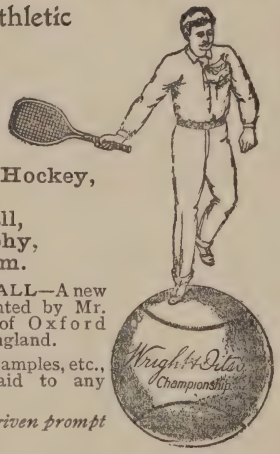

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 8 NOVEMBER, 1901 NUMBER 1

HISTORICAL NOTE

APRIL 3, 1843, the town of Brookline voted to establish a high school as near the center of the town as was convenient. Thereupon the old stone Town House, erected in 1824, near the First Parish Church, was prepared for the use of the school.

The statute authorizing and, under certain circumstances, requiring the towns in the Commonwealth to establish and maintain high schools, was enacted in 1826. Towns having less than five hundred families were not required by law to do so. With a population of only 1,265 it was greatly to the credit of Brookline that, years before she was required to do so by law, she was among the first to establish a high school.

Instruction was first given in the Brookline High School on May 2d, 1843. Mr. Benjamin H. Rhodes was elected the first Principal, on a salary of six hundred dollars a year.

Within the first ten years of the school's existence there were, beside Mr. Rhodes, five other Principals, succeeding each other in the following order, viz.: Hezekiah Shailer, George Moore, William P. Atkinson, Rev. John N. Bellows, and Isaac Coffin.

The school continued to meet in the building on Walnut street until 1856. On Friday, October 31st, of that year, the schoolhouse on Prospect street was dedicated with appropriate services, and the first school session was held on the following Monday, November 3d. At that time the whole number of pupils was 44—27 boys and 17 girls—and the average daily attendance was 96%.

Mr. J. Emory Hoar was the Master from April, 1854, to July, 1888; Frederick T. Farnsworth from September, 1888, to June, 1891. Daniel S. Sanford, the present Head Master, began his work in the school in September, 1891.

The new building, which stands on the corner of Tappan street and Gorham avenue, facing the playground, was dedicated November 19, 1895. The cost of the building was $200,000; that of furnishing, $25,000, making a total cost of $225,000, exclusive of the land.

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE DENTIST

THERE are some things that have to be done in this world, although they may be mighty unpleasant. To give up an afternoon of football for the sake of spending it with the dentist is one of the worst evils that I can imagine.

Now, my dentist does n't look like a savage or anything of the sort, but I do n't believe that an Indian chief could torture a victim more calmly than this gentleman did me. When I had seated myself in the chair, he came politely up to me and began. He started in easily enough, but as he went on he seemed to gain courage, strength, and firmness; which, instead of exciting my admiration, provoked my most sincere hatred. Now, I do n't mind a good square fight, but there is no fun in it when the advantages are all on one side, especially if you are the man that 's down.

My dentist particularly likes to line the inside of my mouth with rubber, put two or three instruments and half a napkin down my throat, and then ask me a string of questions:

"How is football getting along?" (No answer.)

"Do you ride your wheel much?" (Still no answer.)

Confound him! Does n't he know that I can't talk with his hand half way down to my bronchial tubes?

He lays down his instruments and approaches a machine near by. I follow his movements with a fascinated glance. Of all implements of torture invented by man, that electric grinding machine is the worst! I brace myself in the chair, grasp the arms with my hands, and prepare myself for death. I am sure I do n't know how I endured it, or how long the chills chased each other down my spinal column. The dentist said it was a minute; but I am ready to swear it was an hour.

"Did it hurt?" asked the dentist.

"Hurt!" I exclaimed emphatically.

"So sorry," said the dentist.

"Sorry does n't help it," I growled.

At last it was all over, and as I closed the office door with a sigh of relief, I shook my fist fiercely at the unsuspecting gentleman behind it.

"They say the Spartans were made to endure the worst tortures without an outward sign of agony," I remarked to myself as I departed, "but I know even they would have flinched if they had been obliged to spend an afternoon with a dentist."

M. G., 1903.

THE SAGAMORE

DURING the year '93 and '94 the pupils of the High School became anxious to have a school paper; and in 1894 THE SAGAMORE was edited for the first time through the strenuous efforts of the boys and girls, especially of Arthur W. Spencer, who became Editor-in-Chief, and whose father printed the paper for the school.

The board for the year '94 and '95 was: Arthur W. Spencer, Editor-in-Chief; Edith May, Helen Parker, William Winch, assist-

ants; Fred B. Taylor, Business Manager; H. Percy Macomber, '95, H. Spaulding Coffin, '96, Gardner H. Carpenter, '97, Albert Morse, '98, Class Editors.

On this list we see names which will always remain a part of the school's history. The paper began its career with a splendid start. Although in its infancy, the subscription list was remarkably large, —larger than last year. The paper could be seen on the parlor tables of all the families who had children or friends in the school. The merchants of the town, too, were liberal in giving advertisements, some of whom have continued to the present time to aid in supporting the paper.

In 1895 the administration of THE SAGAMORE was resumed by Edward North, Editor-in-Chief, and Frank H. Proctor, Business Manager, with the loyal support of the school.

During the school term of '96 and '97 the paper was edited by William Parker, Editor-in-Chief, and Charles Kellogg, Business Manager. In their hands the paper continued to flourish. We now see that manager as president of the Alumni Association.

The next school year Harold Bynner, Editor-in-Chief, and Austin Parker, Business Manager, had charge of THE SAGAMORE.

In 1898 the paper was resumed by Robert D. Brewer, Editor-in-Chief, and S. Henry Skilton, Jr., Business Manager. But before the year was up the paper failed, with a subscription list of between fifty and a hundred, for lack of interest.

Then it seemed as if the end of THE SAGAMORE had come, and the next year the class of 1902, in a class meeting, appointed a committee to look into the matter. On December 20th another class meeting was called, and to the surprise of all, this third class undertook to run THE SAGAMORE on its own responsibility. On the 22d, two days later, the senior class decided to run it, and Edward Morse was appointed Editor-in-Chief, with Sidney Strickland as Business Manager.

During the school year of 1900 and 1901, Florence Judd was

Editor-in-Chief, and Waldo Richards, Business Manager. During that year the expenses were—

Bills paid for the preceding year	$202 18
To publish THE SAGAMORE	339 07
Sundry expenses	53 16
Total	$594 41

RECEIPTS.

From preceding year	$168 33
" advertisements	326 00
" subscriptions	122 68
Total	$617 01
Expenditures	594 41
Cash on hand at present	$22 60

Thus we see THE SAGAMORE is on a good financial footing, with no prospect of failure so long as there remain enough pupils to carry it on and support it.

THE TRIAL TRIP OF THE KENTUCKY

ONE night in November, two years ago, my father came home from business and said that he was going on the trial trip of the United States battleship Kentucky on the next day. That information was all that was needed to fire me with a desire to go too; and after a good deal of teasing on my part, he said that I might accompany him.

At five o'clock the next morning, after breakfast, we drove down to the wharf, where the tug was to meet us, to take us out to the battleship, which was lying off Minot's Light. There was quite a swell on that morning, so that our tug pitched and rolled at a great rate; but in spite of this lack of steadiness, I got a good picture of the warship with my camera.

The tug was made fast to the battleship, and a plank was laid across from our boat to the other as a gangway. But as the plank was none too broad, and the boats were none too steady, the crossing was something like tight-rope walking.

While we were waiting for the Navy Yard tug to come up with the Trial Board, I went down into the ammunition hoists, the boiler room, and the engine room. Of all the stuffy, oily smelling places I ever was in, the engine room of the Kentucky was the worst; and the heat was terrific!

Pretty soon the Trial Board, of which Admiral Sampson and "Fighting Bob" Evans were members, arrived, and we slowly steamed off for Cape Ann, where the trial course lay. After sailing for an hour we came alongside the first stake-boat. Suddenly, boom! went the gun on board the stake-boat and we were off.

Nothing of interest happened until we approached the second stake-boat, which was the second-class battleship Texas. The Texas saluted us, and we returned the compliment. About twelve o'clock we went below for dinner,—and a very good dinner it was, too! When I came on deck again the last stake-boat was nearly reached. The Kentucky had made wonderful time, and it was hoped that she would break the record for battleships of her class. About this time the officers told us that we were off Portland, Maine, and that the irregular gray line on the horizon which looked like clouds were the White Mountains, which were eighty miles inland. We were also told that very rarely could they be seen from the sea. Mount Washington was in full view, raising its white cap above the rest.

On the return the Kentucky maintained her high rate of speed, owing to forced draft, which sent bits of half-burned coal up through her funnels. The paint on the funnels cracked from the intense heat to which they were subjected. Suddenly there was a loud report, and a man who was standing near me was struck on the head by a piece of iron. The intense heat had caused something in the funnel to break, and the force had been great enough to

The Brookline High School.

throw the broken iron out of the funnel. Luckily, neither the man who was struck nor the ship received any great damage.

It was six o'clock when we again dropped anchor off Minot's Light. The Trial Board could well feel pleased, since the Kentucky's time was second only to that of her sister ship, the Kearsarge. It was late when I reached home that night, and I was tired, but I would n't have missed going on the trial trip of the Kentucky for a good deal. L. F. G.

HOW THE CHAMPIONSHIP WAS WON

IT was midnight, and Nat Langdon was still awake, tossing restlessly. The annual sports between Thornby Academy and Thornby High School were to take place the next day, and Nat was captain of the academy team. He was worried, as on the preceding day, Jack Small, the best hurdler in the academy, had been suddenly called home. If the hurdles were lost, the sports would probably be won by the High School.

Poor Nat was in a terrible state of mind, for how could the hurdles be saved? Suddenly an idea came to him. He was the best sprinter at the academy and was expected to win the hundred-yards dash, breaking the school record, the height of his ambition. With a great effort he gave up the idea of making a new record, and resolved to take Small's place in the hurdles, an event he had no idea of winning.

At two o'clock the next day the sports commenced. The broad and high jumps were won by the High School. The next event was the hundred-yards dash, and all strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of Nat Langdon. What a disappointment when the trial heats were won and no Nat appeared! But Cummings, the best runner next to Langdon, surprised everyone by winning the event with ease.

Only the hurdle race remained undecided. The school which won this race would carry off the cup. The academy boys were downcast. What chance did they stand with Small, their only good hurdler, out or it? Then Langdon appeared. A great cheer arose. Perhaps the academy could win after all.

Four boys toed the scratch. The starter's pistol clicked. "On your marks!" "Get set" — Snap went the pistol and the boys were off. Langdon cleared the first hurdle, and fell back a few feet. The hearts of his schoolmates sank. Over the ground they flew. By the time they reached the last hurdle Langdon caught up to the High School boy. Now they ran neck and neck. With a superb burst of speed, Nat pushed ahead and broke the tape a winner by a hair.

Nat Langdon had won the championship for Thornby Academy, and the record in the hundred-yards dash still remained unbroken.

M. E. H., '04.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER

UNTIL one day recently when I chanced to open an old horse-hair trunk in the attic, I never had, I confess, thought of my great-grandmother as a young girl who enjoyed the amusements of young girls. This trunk was a revelation to me. As I lifted the lid a faint musty sort of a smell seemed to float out of it. There in the trunk lay great-grandmother's wedding dress, a few gowns of less importance and a number of old battered books. Under these books was a little box in which I found her fan, the orange-blossoms which had been in her hair on her wedding day, and a miniature of herself, painted when she was eighteen; at this time she was considered a great beauty. It was a sweet, girlish face, with great blue eyes and a mass of golden brown hair. I put it back in its place with a feeling of awe.

I opened her diary, a little red-leather book with silver clasps, with her initials on it. I turned the pages over rapidly, until I came to the words, "My seventeenth birthday," written in such a small hand and with ink so faded that it was scarcely legible. Underneath was a description of her first ball. This ball was her introduction into society and it was the most pleasing to her, she declared, of all the balls that she ever went to. She writes that the hairdresser was in such demand, for she lived many miles from London, that her hair was done the night before, and she sat up all night in the great chair before the fireplace, rather than mar her hair by going to bed. She writes that on the next day, as a result of the ball, she did not awake until ten o'clock, an unheard of laziness in those days — but not in ours!

Every morning she went riding before breakfast. This was one of her greatest pleasures, for she was a splendid horsewoman. Then, on every Monday, she visited the tenants on her father's estate, and took them many dainties and warm clothing which she herself had made. I wondered, when I read this, if any American girl of today would call sewing and cooking for the poor pleasures.

Once in awhile she would give a tea-party on the lawn, to her friends. They would sing, dance the minuet, talk about the affairs in the parish, and, in a mild way, flirt with the young men. But 't was not what American girls would call a flirtation; for in those days there were no codes to go by. During Lent, she writes, she and her friends had great pleasure in sewing for the poor and visiting the sick and reading to them.

On her eighteenth birthday her father took her to London, where, to judge from what she writes, it was a whirl of society. She writes she had the great honor of being at a ball which the Princess Charlotte attended.

She got up hunting parties among her London friends, and took them down to her father's estate for the hunt and for the hunt-breakfast. As her father was master of the hounds, she often had to act as hostess on such occasions, which she said she greatly enjoyed, because she kept a secret tally of how many times the

guests would tell the same story over again at the different breakfasts.

Walking was another of her amusements, and she writes that she and her father would go on walking trips, walking perhaps forty miles a day, having their lunch and tea at the inns by which they passed. How very different from the "fashionable walking" of today!

She writes that she always was afraid to see the soldiers march (although she dearly loved to) for fear she might lose her heart, and that at all the drills which she attended she always tried to think of something else besides the officers; but, she adds, 't was hard work, for they were such handsome, brave looking fellows. This made me laugh while I read it, for it is well known at home that a "red coat" sets me in ecstacies; I suppose it 's in the blood.

Another of her amusements was to try to concoct dishes, although, she adds, that sometimes they were fit only for use as bullets in the army. She would spend hours in the kitchen and pantries overseeing and helping when 't was necessary; for in those olden times a girl would have been ashamed to say she "did n't know a thing about the housework and her mother did n't care to have her,"— which shows one not only to be foolish, but what is far worse, to have a foolish mother.

I shut the book and put it carefully away, thinking as I did so, that our great-grandmothers led better, sweeter, and truer lives than we do. '03.

A COUNTRY photographer once spent some time in endeavoring to persuade his subject, a dear old lady, to assume the expression which he thought suitable to the occasion. She, however, was unable to please him, and he finally exclaimed in a hopeless tone of voice, "Well, tain't no use, you ain't got no expression, nohow."

THE SAGAMORE

Published throughout the school year, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Edwin E. Pritchett, B. H. S., Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the middle of the preceding month; Rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, fifty cents a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 10 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, Arthur O. Christensen, 118 Davis avenue, Brookline.

Entered at the Boston Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter

EDITORIALS

Once more The Sagamore makes its annual bow and extends its heartiest greetings to the school, the faculty and the alumni. The business manager, with his assistant braves, once more takes to the war-path and while the alleged humorist, with thoughtful brow, solemnly dons the mantle of motley, his fellow editors arm themselves with trusty pens and reams of paper and prepare for the work of the coming year.

The reappearance of The Sagamore should remind the student that a new duty now devolves upon him; a duty which consists in offering his aid and doing all that lies within his power to insure the success of the paper during the coming school year. The twelve members of the board cannot be expected to furnish all those essentials which go toward the making of a good school paper. Each student has a share in this work, which will be successful just so far as each feels and assumes this responsibility.

First of all, lend us your financial aid by subscribing. There are two excellent reasons why you should be a Sagamore subscriber. In the first place, *you* need the news. In the second place, *we* need the money. So don't economize by reading the paper over your neighbor's shoulder; but just hand out the required amount of lucre for your own subscription, and enjoy that absolute peace of mind which comes only from having done your duty to yourself and to all mankind.

But while your financial aid is absolutely indispensible, your literary help is almost if not quite as important. Let those budding literary lights of our school cast off all former doubts and hesitations; and, emerging from the dark obscurities of the past, burst into full bloom by having their efforts published in The Sagamore.

The introduction of new topics and ideas will make the paper better than ever before, and it is sincerely hoped that we will receive proper support from students and alumni alike.

PRIZES are offered by THE SAGAMORE for the best three stories handed in before Nov. 20. First prize, $3.00; second prize, $2.00; third prize, one year's subscription to THE SAGAMORE. The three prize stories will be published in the December number of THE SAGAMORE. Christmas stories preferred.

"OH! keep back, will you please?"— And that is all the good it does. Unless accompanied with a violent shove it passes by unnoticed, and even with force there is only a temporary success. Certainly there was a generous reply to the call for "constables." In fact, too generous. If only the "constables" would remain in the background and yield up their important duties to the "non-constables," the larger crowd would be behind. Why, Mr. Sanford and his cane are far more effective than the whole "force" of "constables." Why can't this wrong be remedied? Why can't we have a game on the common without having a crowd continually surging on the field? As for the girls, they are urged to come to all the games — *the fellows play better.* True; but do the girls enjoy gazing at the backs of a lot of selfish onlookers and to *hear* only the applause of a good play? Certainly not! Wherefore let this evil be done away with. The town watches athletics with interest and encourages them. Would it not then go to the slight expense of having a rope extended around the field when a game is to be played? Undoubtedly! So let the presidents of each respective class select a small committee for this stated object and let us obtain the desired result. Why not? "KICKER."

THIS is Brookline's year in athletics; we want to make a clean sweep of all the contests,— football, baseball, track athletics, and rowing. To do this several things are needed. First, of course, we must have the athletic men. Second, we must have a good captain and coach. Third, and this is most important, the school

must support the teams financially and by attendance at the games.

Just now football is the game. We have the brightest prospects in that direction that we have had in years. With nine of last year's team still in the school, an experienced captain, and the best coach money could hire, it seems that we ought to win. But one thing is absolutely necessary for victory, and that is *school support.* Don't think that because there are three hundred and sixty-three others in school that you need not attend the games; every pupil should go to every game. Come out and cheer the team on to victory in every one of the championship games, and then you can feel that you own a part of the cup, when it is won.

At present the Debating Club gives promise of a most prosperous season. A large new membership has been added, and the boys are showing great interest in the discussion of timely questions. Nevertheless, we should like to get as many additional members as possible. "The more the merrier," the old saying goes; and so it is with our club. The more new members we get, the more chance shall we have of defeating other schools in joint debate, and of making this the most successful year in the ten years' existence of the Brookline High School Debating Club.

The Boston Globe of Monday, 21st October, published an item of news about one of the boys in the present Fourth Class. It is headed, "Smallest Letter Carrier," and has a sub-heading setting forth the fact that "Jimmy M'Guire of Chestnut Hill makes up in hustling all that he lacks in size." The article goes on to say that "Jimmy" took the oath of office as Special Delivery Messenger, and that although he is the smallest federal employee in these parts, there is "no conceit about him."

BROOKLINE *vs.* ROXBURY LATIN, AT BROOKLINE.
October 4th, 1901.

BROOKLINE, after three weeks of practice, opened the season by a game with Roxbury Latin.

Our team, composed mostly of substitutes, scored soon after the kick-off by means of Quigley's line bucking, and some good end runs by Barndollar. Talbot failed to kick the goal.

After this B. H. S. seemed content to hold its opponents and did not again get within scoring distance, although several of the regular team were put in during the second half. The game ended with the score: Brookline 5, Roxbury 0. Ten-minute halves were played.

BROOKLINE *vs.* BRIGHTON HIGH, AT BROOKLINE.

Through a misunderstanding a game with Brighton had been arranged for the same day as the Roxbury game, so Brookline, as soon as the first game ended, started in on the second.

Brighton kicked off to Brookline. Brookline was held for downs and Brighton got the ball. By well executed trick plays they brought the ball to our five-yard line and sent a man over for a touchdown. Attempt at a goal was a failure.

Brookline, seeing they were against a good team, now played harder, and at the end of the first half, by blocking a punt, had the ball on Brighton's fifteen-yard line.

In the second half Brighton continued to play her hard, snappy game, and kept Brookline from nearing her goal line, the final score being: Brookline 0, Brighton 6. Ten-minute halves were played.

Brookline *vs.* Thayer, at Braintree.
October 8th.

Although a victory for Brookline, this game did not show much strength in our team. During the first half Brookline played fairly good ball, while Thayer played wretchedly, Brookline scoring eleven points during the half.

In the second half Thayer took a decided brace, but Brookline played with such absolute lack of dash or spirit that the game was almost lost. Final score: Brookline 11, Thayer 5. Ten and fifteen-minute halves were played.

Brookline *vs.* Adams, at Brookline.
October 10th.

The next home game proved a walkover for our team, on account of its superiority in all points over Adams Academy.

Brookline scored within a minute after the first kick-off, and kicked the goal; if the players had not fumbled badly they would have scored at least two more times during the half.

The second half started with more snap on the part of Brookline, and soon the ball was placed behind Adams' goal for the second touchdown. After this, Brookline scored as she pleased, the game ending with the score: Brookline 36, Adams 0. Fifteen and ten-minute halves were played.

Brookline *vs.* C. M. T. S., at Charles River.

On Wednesday, October 16th, Brookline was defeated at Charles River Park by the Cambridge Manual Training School team. There was, as usual, a small Brookline attendance.

Our team seemed afraid of their heavier opponents in the first half and allowed them to score soon after the game started, by means of mass plays on tackle and guard. Attempt at a goal failed.

After this touchdown Brookline braced up and held better, so that Cambridge did not again score.

Brookline played desperately the second half and twice carried the ball almost to their opponents' goal line, but were held for downs. Finally B. H. S. took the ball to Cambridge's three-yard line, when time was called. The line up : —

C. M. T. S.		B. H. S.
Beckett (Macy)	l. e.	Cronin
Maguire (Burleigh)	l. t.	Floyd (Kemp)
Fletcher	l. g.	Le Moyne
Carrick	c.	Bartlett
Coolidge	r. g.	Delano
Hanlon (Burke)	r. t.	Cook (Perry)
Harris	r. e.	Thompson
Black (Clark)	q. b.	Talbot (Shine)
Boyson (Hunt)	l. h. b.	Barndollar
Holden (Morgan),	r. h. b.	Wilbor
Jones (Hicks)	f. b.	Quigley

Score—C. M. T. S. 5, B. H. S. 0. Touchdown—Jones. Umpire—Harris. Referee—Wilcox. Linesmen—Telfer and Heilborn. Timers—Carrick and Pritchett. Time—15 and 10-minute halves.

Brookline *vs.* Salem High, at Salem.

Brookline met defeat October 19th at the hands of Salem High to the tune of eleven to nothing. However, we need not feel wholly discouraged, as the defeat was not such a bad one as the score might indicate. Both teams played a first class game. Brookline was without the help of Cook and Le Moyne, but both Kemp and Christensen about made up for this loss by putting up a gilt-edged game.

Had luck been with us we should have come out victorious. As it was we did everything but lick them, and the way our backs waltzed over the 200-pound "baby elephant," who tried to hold down the position of left guard for Salem, was a delight to behold.

In the first half Tigh, Salem's left half-back, punted from the middle of the field, and by putting himself on side and securing

the ball with a clear field before him had no trouble in scoring a touchdown, and kicking the goal.

Soon after Salem's touchdown our team was still further weakened by the inforced withdrawal of Captain Wilbor from the game. A few minutes later Tigh increased Salem's score still more by kicking a goal from the field.

During the second half neither side scored, but the ball was in Salem's territory most of the time. Line up:—

SALEM.		BROOKLINE.
Poor (Welch)	r. e.	Thompson
Towne	r. t.	Christensen
Fennessey	r. g.	Delano
G. Gibson	c.	Bartlett
Prince	l. g.	Kemp
Coker	l. t.	Floyd (Peary)
Foss	l. e.	Cronin
Wilson	q. b.	Talbot (Shine)
Hurley (Stocker)	r. h. b.	Wilbor (Lincoln)
Tigh	l. h. b.	Barndollar
Carey	f. b.	Quigley

Score—Salem 11, B. H. S. 0. Touchdown—Tigh. Goal from Touchdown—Tigh. Goal from field—Tigh. Referee—Wilcox. Umpire—Wade. Timers—Holman and Pritchett. Linesmen—Baird and Clark. Time—15 and 10-minute halves. Attendance—500.

BROOKLINE *vs.* NEWTON HIGH.

Bartlett kicked off to Newton's 15-yard line. The ball was run back to the 30-yard line, where it was fumbled, and Lincoln dropped on it for Brookline. B. H. S. by line plays carried the ball to Newton's 5-yard line, where Newton braced up and held for downs. Newton could not gain, and punted to the 45-yard line. On the next play Quigley got away from everybody, and with a clear field before him seemed sure to score; but on the 3-yard line a Newton man downed him by a splendid dive tackle. Brookline gained two yards in the line, but Newton held like a stone wall and got the ball on downs.

Newton punted, and the ball was Brookline's on Newton's 45-yard line. Brookline could not gain, so Barndollar punted to Newton's 30-yard line.

Then, on Newton's punt, the ball went into B. H. S. territory for the first time. By lines play the ball was carried back to the middle of the field, where Brookline lost the ball on downs, but almost immediately regained it on a fumble, and as quickly lost it again in the same way. Newton attempted to punt, but Quigley broke through and blocked it, Newton regaining the ball. After an exchange of punts time was called, with the ball in Newton's possession in the middle of the field.

After some short rushes and exchanges of punts to the middle of the field the first half was up, with the ball in Newton's possession in the middle of the field.

In the second half Brookline seemed tired, while Newton played with more dash. Soon after the kick-off, Newton got the ball on a fumble on Brookline's 45-yard line. Brookline held for downs and Newton tried a goal from the field; but the kick fell short. Brookline gained around the ends, but lost the ball to Newton on the 40-yard line. From here, by fumbles, Newton got the ball on Brookline's 30, 15, and finally 10-yard lines. From the 10-yard line Newton gained to the 2-yard line around the end and shoved the ball over for a touchdown. Punt-out for a goal failed.

Brookline kicked off, and after a few rushes, in which neither side gained much, time was called, with the ball in Brookline's possession on the 50-yard line.

Newton High.	Brookline High.
S. Johnson, l. e.	r. e., Thompson
Millen, l. t.	r. t., Cook
Henderson, l. g.	r. g., Delano
Breitzhe, c.	c., Bartlett
Merchant, r. g.	l. g., Le Moyne
Andrews, r. t.	l. t., Floyd (Kemp)
F. Johnson, r. e.	l. e., Cronin
Fletcher, q. b.	q. b., Lincoln (Talbot, Shine)
Stephenson, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Wilbor
Leonard, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Barndollar (Talbot)
Tancred, f. b.	f. b., Quigley (Barndollar)

Score—Newton High, 5; Brookline High, 0. Touchdown—Tancred. Umpire—D. Baxter. Referee—H. Holton. Linesmen—Plympton and Morse. Timer—Guild. Time—25 and 20-minute halves.

Brookline High *vs.* Boston Latin.

Brookline High and Boston Latin played their second Preparatory League game of the season on Friday, Nov. 1st, at Charles River Park, the former winning, 20 to 0. Though Boston Latin was defeated by a large margin, she put up a snappy exhibition, and made Brookline hustle.

Brookline High scored her three touchdowns and goals in the first half. Barndollar made a gain of 30 yards. Wilbor got around Cronin's end for a run to the center of the field, and Barndollar carried the leather 25 yards for a touchdown.

The best that Brookline could do in the second period was to earn a safety. It came after a clever exhibition of kicking by both teams.

Brookline High.	Boston Latin.
Cronin, l. e.	r. e., Freedman (McCusker)
Floyd (Christenson), l. t.	r. t., Edwards (Mohan)
Le Moyne, l. g.	r. g., Witherby
Perry, c.	c., Littlefield
Delano, r. g.	l. g., Roche
Cook (Kemp), r. t.	l. t., O'Donnell
Thompson, r. e.	l. e., Sullivan (White, Edwards)
Talbot (Shine), q. b.	q. b., Mahoney
Barndollar (Talbot), l. h. b.	r. h. b., Somes
Wilbor (Barndollar), r. h. b.	l. h. b., Tucker
Quigley, f. b.	f. b., Hanley

Score — Brookline High, 20; Boston Latin, 0. Touchdowns — Quigley, Barndollar, Thompson. Goals from touchdowns — Mahoney. Umpire — J. D. Murphy. Referee — H. Holton. Linesmen — Wilcox and Smith. Timers — Guild and Coolidge. Time—20-minute halves.

"Mr. Bob," a play in two acts, is under preparation for the benefit of the B. H. S. Athletic Association. It is hoped that this play will be ready before the Thanksgiving recess. The parts are taken by Misses Green and Ordway, '02; Misses Beard and McMackin, '03; and Messrs. Burr, Jacobs and Pritchett, '02.

LOCALS

The opponents of the B. H. S. football team had better learn the game of golf, if they want to get by the Bunker.

It is reported that Sir Thomas Lipton is now obliged to drink out of a saucer. Why?

A certain member of the faculty is said to be guilty of the following: "There are two Talbot's in the school; one is Talbot thin and the other is Talbot fat."

Heard in the Arithmetic class: Teacher—"If you can get three shirts out of nine yards, how many shirts can you get out of one yard?" Pupil,—"It depends upon whose yard it is."

The B. H. S. has a clear field before it, now that the last Wead has been removed.

Attention, Arithmetic class! How much wood could a wood-chuck chuck if a wood-chuck could chuck wood? Just as much wood as a wood-chuck could chuck if a wood-chuck could chuck wood.

We always knew that H—b—g's head was his center of gravity, but the fact was proven in the gymnasium the other day, when, losing his balance, he tried to stand on his head, and succeeded.

Our Cole supply is *Solo* that we now have Snow in the hall on Friday mornings.

A member of I. Mathematics attempted to make a point in class the other day by trying to point out with the point of his pencil the point at which the locus to be found was situated. However, Mr. Case didn't see the point.

Most of us think that our football captain is all right, but he Wilbor some people.

An experiment in Physics — Given one laboratory filled with boys; to this add three pretty girls. Now prove that the boys will turn to rubber.—[Ex.

Question: What book does a corrected College English Composition remind you of?
Answer: "A Study in Scarlet."

NEWS NOTES

Cheer up, boys, only about 242 days before the close of school!

Hatherly Foster is attending the Hackley Hall School, Tarry-on-Hudson.

Has Kemp been heard to remark—"You oughter see the other feller"?

Miss Sara Friendly, 1903, has become a member of the Boston School of Expression.

The Third Class is very sorry to learn that Elizabeth Farley is no longer one of its members.

A pupil of II.A German heard "a gentle horse (hoarse) giggling from behind a tree," the other day.

The following realistic translation was given in I. Latin the other day: "The boat took in water full of chinks."

Owing to the kind interest taken by Miss Hitchcock, the art teacher, we are able to offer a cover design and a couple of cuts.

The members of the Third Class do not seem to take very much interest in their meetings, as there were only eight present at the last one.

It is reported among members of II.A History that the popular song, "Go away back and sit down," must be a great favorite of Miss Marshall.

Mr. Sanford spent a few days at Yale during her bicentennial celebration. We expect you all at the High School of Brookline in 1943, our centennial year.

The results of the Fourth Class election are as follows; Eugene Allen, President; Margaret Boyd, Vice-President; John Miller, Secretary and Treasurer.

It is suggested that, for the benefit of tardy pupils, a sign be erected above the office door bearing the inscription "all hope abandon—ye who enter here."

A certain member of I. Latin, when asked about Ursa Major, said that there were two bears, "a big one and a little one." That's as far as he got, needless to say.

Old High School Building which stood at corner of School and Prospect Streets.

The annual election of the Senior Class resulted as follows: President, Edwin E. Pritchett; Vice-President, Frances G. Manning; Secretary and Treasurer, Helen L. Gooding.

Overheard at the lunch counter. "Get off, you're standing on my feet!"

"Well, aren't your feet meant to stand on?" Witty—wasn't it?

At a meeting of the Third Class on Thursday, October the tenth, the following officers were elected: Carl Wetherell, President; Florence Morse, Vice-President; Stanley Talbot, Treasurer; Louise Andrews, Secretary.

The members of the Senior Class, studying in Room 10, during a III. B German recitation, were horrified to hear the sentence, "I have not yet seen my brother today," rendered by,"Ich habe heute meinen Bruder noch nicht gegessen."

The College English Class has some brilliant Shakesperian scholars in it. One of these suggested that perhaps the immortal William referred to murder as "withered" because it had been going on so long that it had become withered through age.

The football team wishes to thank Mr. Walter Shooter, who is now running the lunch counter, for his splendid management, in giving them daily meals at a reasonably low price, thus affording them the opportunity to practice without returning home.

O—s W—or gives promise of some day rivaling Mr. Cole as a musical director. You should have heard the concert given by some dignified seniors under his leadership in the Locker-room a few days ago. (Note—The Seniors did n't leave the school until two o'clock that day. I wonder why?)

A certain member of the Senior Mathematics Class arose the other day and expressed his intention of proving that angles A P F and G R X were equal respectfully to angles M C Q and Z W Y. Mr. Case, who always receives the most respectful attention from the class in question, was quite overcome by this touching tribute.

The first meeting of the Debating Club occurred October 16th. A large number of new members were admitted. The officers of the Club for this current season are Henry A. Hirshberg, President; Charles Floyd, Vice-President; Arthur Tylee Treasurer; Daniel Lacy, Secretary; Herbert Miles, Jerome Heilbrun and Cornelius Beard, Directors.

The Boston Art Museum has just acquired a fine collection of Greek coins. Specimens of the earliest coins of Ionia may be seen; and also many beautiful examples of the artistic work of the men of later times. The Museum has also bought reproductions of articles of the Mycænean Age. If we lived in Walla Walla, Wash., how we should wish we lived near Boston! Enough said.

The candy sale, which some of the senior girls held October tenth, for the benefit of the B. H. S. A. A. was a great success. The tables were spread on the playground under the shade of a decorated maple. The glorious weather, together with the fact that there was a game that afternoon, brought a large crowd of people out. The candy was solicited in the school and a great quantity of all sorts was on sale. Notwithstanding the abundance however, every bit of the candy was sold, and the whole amount realized counted up to $31.00.

Hurrah for the girls ! ! !

Miss Hartwell need not give herself up entirely to despair, concerning her College English Class, when she hears the following. In the entrance examination at "Tech." this fall the following question was asked: "Why was Silas Warner unpopular?" One brilliant youth answered in the following original manner: "Silas Warner is a poem written by Coleridge. The reason why Silas was unpopular was because he shot the albatross which caused the winds to blow."

NOTICE.

Subscribers will greatly oblige The Sagamore by patronizing those places which advertise in our paper, and by mentioning The Sagamore occasionally.

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Freda Sawyer has just returned from a year of travel and study abroad.

Walter Parker of Brookline '97, and Harvard 1901, has spent the summer abroad.

Out of 144 candidates for the Harvard second eleven, Wead and Rowley are still eligible.

Miss Virginia Barth, B. H. S. '99, has been elected president of the junior class at Smith College.

Harold E. Nesbitt, B. H. S. 1901, has been made vice-president of the entering class at Williams College.

Miss Marion Sharp, B. H. S. '97, and Smith College 1901, is teaching in the High School of Gloucester, Mass.

Charles Rowley, Robert Blakeslee, Ralph Bunting, and Frederick Wead of B. H. S. 1901, are all at Harvard this year.

Miss Marjorie Bouvé, '97, is studying at the Normal School of Gymnastics. One of her instructors is Miss Molly Seeley of '91.

Miss Marian Holden, '97, Miss Hazel Lombard, '97, and Miss Florence Judd, 1901, have spent the summer in traveling in Europe with a party.

Miss Annie M. Plummer, B. H. S. '96, was married to Mr. Payson Williston Duncan at the First Parish Church, Walnut street, on the evening of the twenty-third of October.

Miss Helen G. Sheehan, once a pupil in the B. H. S., has now the right to put the initials D. O. after her name. She is a graduate of the School of Osteopathy, and she has opened an office in Brookline for the practice of her profession.

Carl Soule, B. H. S. 1900, played r. e. on the team of the U. S. Naval Academy, which beat the eleven of the University of Pennsylvania at Annapolis on the twenty-first of October. Soule was a member of the B. H. S. football team of '99 and captain of the Leopards, a well-known Brookline organization. Louis C. Farley, also a B. H. S. boy, played l. e. on the winning side in the above-mentioned game. Hurrah for the boys of the B. H. S.!

CONSTITUTION OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Article I. Name.

The name of this Association shall be the Brookline High School Athletic Association.

Article II. Object.

The object of the Association shall be to encourage manly sports, and to see that they are conducted in an honorable, sportsmanlike way, with due regard to the health and scholarship of the participants.

Article III. Jurisdiction.

The Association shall have general jurisdiction over all athletic teams making use of the name of the school.

Article IV. Membership.

All pupils, graduates and teachers of the Brookline High School, together with members of the School Committee, shall be eligible to membership in this Association.

Article V. Meetings.

1. The annual meeting of this Association for the election of officers and to hear reports of officers shall be held on the third Wednesday of September.
2. Special meetings shall be held at the call of the President, the Executive Committee, or upon the written request of ten members.

Article VI. Quorum.

A quorum shall consist of twenty-one members.

Article VII. Officers and Executive Committee.

1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer. The latter shall be a teacher.
2. The Executive Committee shall consist of the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and one other to be elected at the annual meeting, together with two advisory members chosen by the above from the list of members of the School Committee or of the graduates of the school.

Article VIII. Duties of Officers.

1. The President shall preside at all meetings of the Association and of the Executive Committee. He shall appoint all sub-committees not otherwise provided for, and call meetings of the Association and Executive Committee whenever so requested or when in his judgment he may deem it necessary.

2. The Vice-President shall, during the absence of the President, perform all the duties of the President as specified in Section 1.

3. The Secretary shall keep the minutes of every meeting of the Association and Executive Committee. He shall conduct all correspondence, except such as may be in the hands of the managers, and shall have charge of and be responsible for all the books and papers of the Association, except those belonging to the Treasurer and his assistants.

4. The Treasurer shall have charge of all money belonging to the Association, shall pay all bills when properly approved, and shall submit a written report of his transactions at the annual meeting of the Association, or whenever called upon to do so by the President or by the Executive Committee.

5. It shall be the duty of the manager and assistant manager to collect all moneys — these moneys shall in all cases be turned over to the Treasurer — and to purchase all supplies upon a written order signed by the Treasurer.

6. The captains of the respective teams shall prepare a schedule of all games.

7. All schedules of games shall be submitted to the Executive Committee for ratification. The Executive Committee shall have general supervision of all matters relating to the Association, not otherwise provided for in this constitution, and shall have power to remove captains and managers by a three-fourths vote.

8. The Executive Committee shall hold at least one meeting each month of the school year.

9. The Executive Committee shall hold a special meeting at the request of three of its members.

10. A quorum of the Executive Committee shall consist of a majority of its members.

Article IX. Elections.

1. The President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and members of the Executive Committee shalt hereafter be elected by ballot at the annual September meeting, from signed nomination papers posted at least four days previous to the meeting.

2. Captains shall be elected by ballot within one week of the last game of the season by the respective teams.

3. The election of captains shall not be valid until confirmed by the Executive Committee.

4. The captains shall appoint managers and assistant managers.

5. All vacancies occurring among the officers of the B. H. S. A. A., except in the list of the captains, shall be filled by the Executive Committee.

Article X. Fees.

1. The membership dues of the Association shall be twenty-five cents, payable upon admission to membership and thereafter annually on or before the middle of October.

2. Any member failing to pay his dues shall cease to be a member of the organization.

Article XI. Resignations.

All resignations shall be made in writing to the secretary of the Executive Committee, and shall be acted upon at the next meeting.

Article XII. Eligibility.

1. No one shall be allowed to represent the school in any interscholastic contest unless he is, and intends to be throughout the school year, a bona fide member of his school, taking a full year's work of at least fifteen prepared recitations per week, or its equivalent.

2. No student who at the beginning of the current month is below, on the year's average, the standard required for promotion in his studies, all being averaged together, can take part in any interscholastic contest.

3. In class games the principal shall decide for which class "specials" and "partials" shall compete.

4. Only members of the football team who have played in a league game, members of the crew, including coxswain, who have taken part in an interscholastic race, point-winners in the New England Interscholastic Athletic League, first and second point-winners in the Preparatory School League, and such other individual members of the Association as shall be awarded said honor by a unanimous vote of the Executive Committee, as a reward for exceptional athletic skill, shall be entitled to wear a red block letter "B."

Only members of the baseball team who have played in a league game shall be entitled to wear a red "B H."

Only members of the girl's basket ball team who have taken part in an interscholastic contest shall be entitled to wear a blue "B."

The award of these symbols, except in cases above mentioned, shall be at the option of and provided by the captains of the respective teams.

The individual awards above referred to shall rest with the Executive Committee.

Article XIII. Suspension and Expulsion.

1. This Association shall have power to punish any member by suspension or expulsion for failure to comply with the articles of this constitution or by-laws, or for any conduct that shall bring discredit upon the Association.
2. The vote for suspension or expulsion shall be by ballot. A two-thirds vote of the members present at a meeting shall be necessary to suspend or expel.

Article XIV. Re-instatement.

Members after expulsion may be re-instated by a two-thirds vote of the members present at a meeting.

Article XV. Amendments.

This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members of the Association present and voting, provided notice of the amendment shall have been posted on the bulletins four days before the meeting at which said amendment is to be considered.

By-Laws.

1. This constitution and these by-laws shall be printed in the first number of every volume of The Sagamore.
2. Only members who have played a league game shall be allowed to vote for captain.
3. The locker-room, bath-room and gymnasium in the basement of the High School shall be used afternoons by the various teams under such regulations and restrictions as shall hereafter be formulated and posted. The captains of the teams shall see that these are observed. In case any one wilfully disregards these regulations, he shall be denied the use of the rooms.

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CONTENTS

A Double Masquerade . . . 35
Hezekiah's Reward 40
Singing Joe's Christmas Vacation 44
"Mr. Bob" 47
Editorials 50
Football 52
A Most Successful Season . 56
Basketball 57
Song of the Brookline Boys . 58
News Notes 59
Locals 60

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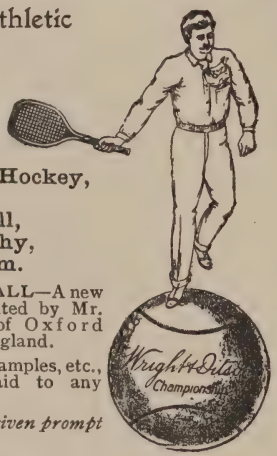

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 8 DECEMBER, 1901 NUMBER 2

A DOUBLE MASQUERADE

(FIRST PRIZE STORY)

MANY stories have been told of the bravery and quick-wit of women before and during the Civil War, and I have yet another to add to the list.

Mary Stewart was a young school teacher in the thriving town of Canton, Ohio. When a new high school was built there in 1857, she was installed in a large room on the first floor. As she was one of the most capable teachers, in spite of her youth, she had a great deal of work to do, and frequently was the last person to leave the school building. On such occasions, the janitor would leave her the key when he went home, and she had instructions to give it up to no one but him.

On the day which Mary Stewart always afterward regarded as the most eventful day of her life, she discovered that a key to a draw of her desk was missing. She sent one of her pupils for the locksmith, telling him that she wished a key made in place of one she had lost. He could not come up that day to take the impression, but promised to come on the next. It was November, when the days grow dark early; and at seven o'clock, when Mary opened the front door to go home, it was so dark that she did not recognize a figure that came flying down the now deserted street until it flung itself through the doorway and gasped, "Mary! hide—!"

The little school-ma'am was quick-witted. In an instant she took in the situation.

"This way!" she whispered, leading the way into her room, and to a tall cabinet with wooden doors. The fugitive needed no other instructions. In an instant he was inside the cabinet, and Mary

had locked the door and pocketed the key. She now hurried to the front door of the building, and stepped outside, closing and locking the door after her as was her usual custom. She then set off for home.

She had gone but a few steps when she heard a party of horsemen urging their lagging horses down the road. They were extremely excited, and were shouting and talking in loud, hoarse voices. She heard them draw up in front of the building she had just left, and consult together in low tones, varied with impatient exclamations in a higher key. While she was still pausing irresolutely, debating whether it would be better for her to go or stay, a rough hand was laid on her shoulder. Turning she saw it was the locksmith.

"Say!" said he hurriedly but not unkindly, "there's some fellows back there as think there's some un they want to get hold on in the schoolhouse. They said if I didn't want them to bust the door or windows in I'd better get 'em the key quick."

Breathing a prayer for guidance, Mary said politely, "It's against the rules for me to give any one the key, but I will come back and let you in if you wish. I can assure you there is on one there, however, as I have just left there this moment."

"Very well, Miss," replied the locksmith, "but he might have got in at the cellar windows without your knowing. They found one on 'em unfastened."

Without more ado, Mary unlocked the door for the impatient men, and then called to a little urchin who had followed the men.

"Here, Johnny!" she cried, "you just take this nickel aud run up to my house and tell Peggy Penelope Perry I am detained at the schoolhouse, but will be with her in a little while." The sight of the nickel and, more than that, the probability that he could be back in time to see the fun, and thus eat his cake and have it, too, induced the boy to do as she wished.

Then Mary remarked to her friend the locksmith, who had kept by her side, that she and Peggy Penelope were going to a masquerade that evening, and she was afraid they would be late.

The search went off well until the men approached her cabinet.

"Where's the key to this?" demanded the leader in the search a short, bull-necked man.

"It's — lost," gasped Mary, feeling that all would be spoiled if she allowed her conscience to trouble her now.

"By Heaven!" cried the man, turning sharply on her, "if you have tried any fool trickery here, you shall pay dearly for it!"

"Whoa! whoa!" interrupted the honest locksmith soothingly. "Don't fly up at naught, man. I reckon what Miss says is true, as this very morning she sent down for me to make her another one, and I'm going to, tomorrow."

Thanking the locksmith with a silent look, Mary continued to follow the men about the building, and occasionally pointed out a hiding place which the men might not have noticed. After a time, the men decided to move on, leaving one of their number to guard the cellar windows, and prevent escape if the fugitive by any chance should still be within.

Peggy Penelope Perry was seated in the easy-chair in Mary's bedroom when Mary entered hot and breathless.

"For mercy's sake!" cried Peggy Penelope, rising from her seat. She was an unusually tall, large-boned girl, with broad shoulders and strong features, and a deep voice. Had she been a man, she would have been considered handsome. "What is the matter?" she added wonderingly.

"Oh Peggy Penelope!" cried Mary, "help me get ready quick!"

In speechless astonishment Peggy Penelope helped her friend into her dress and mask. Peggy herself was to represent Demosthenes, with a paper sword suspended over her shoulder, pebbles in her mouth, and one half her wig shaved off. At other times Mary would have laughed till she cried at the appearance of her friend, but now she seemed scarcely to notice it. While she was dressing, she said, "Now, Peggy Penelope, you can't go to the ball tonight, for I have got to have your costume for some one else. Don't look at me so! I am not crazy, even if I do seem so. It is

a matter of life and death to some one, and perhaps to me. Don't stop to ask questions — I will tell you all about it tomorrow — only trust me a little while, and hurry, or it may be too late."

Impressed by her friend's earnest and distressed looks, Peggy Penelope sighed and removed her costume. Mary rolled it into a bundle, and throwing her wrap over her shoulders, kissed Peggy Penelope, saying brokenly, "Peggy Penelope, if I live to be a hundred, and thank you every day of my life, I can never thank you enough for this. Now I am going to lock you into this room because not a soul must see you or know you are here. I have been keeping it locked lately, anyway, so that the children might not get a peep at their Christmas presents. Good-by, love, good-by!"

Mary had a vague hope that when she approached the schoolhouse she should find the sentinel had deserted his post, but when she came near enough she perceived him tramping up and down before the building. Mary was in despair until she remembered the little back window. This was the only cellar window at the back, and grass and weeds had grown so thickly outside that it was quite concealed from sight. To this window Mary crept silently, and forced it open. The drop to the cellar floor was not far, and in a few moments she had succeeded in making her way noiselessly upstairs. Then she cautiously unfastened the cabinet door and released the prisoner. For half a moment she rested in his strong embrace, and in that half moment felt herself well paid for all her trouble.

"Don't speak, John," she whispered after a moment, "there is a watch before the door. I am going to help you escape through a back window. There are heavy board shutters over the first-floor windows which couldn't be opened without a great deal of noise. So he doesn't think he needs to watch them closely. But there is a little unprotected back cellar window that we can get out at."

"It is no use, sweetheart," responded the young man quietly, "I might as well go out and give myself up to the guards as try to walk through the streets at this time of night."

"But I have a disguise for you. Put this on quickly."

Relying on Mary's good sense, her lover hastily donned the robes, which fitted him very well. It was more difficult to get out of the building than it had been to get in, but they accomplished it safely, and at last gained the street.

"Now," said John, "if you know of some place where I can stay for a few days till this affair blows over—"

"Why! certainly!" cried the girl. "Why can't you come to our house? I will smuggle you in and put you in mother's charge. Then, to keep off suspicion, Peggy Penelope shall put on her things again and go with me to the masque."

Alas for these plans! Mary and her unique escort had gone but two steps in the direction of Mary's home when they were hailed from behind by a party of belated maskers.

"Oh! Don't shy off that way! We know who you are, Mary Stewart and Peggy Penelope! Your little sister let the whole cat out of the bag, Mary. Where are you going? Come with us!"

"I've forgotten my invitation," said Mary, faintly.

"Why!" replied one of the maskers, "What's that you have in your hand if it isn't your invitation?"

Mary glanced at it, amidst the laughter of the group, and realized that further subterfuge would only beget suspicion. "You are supposed to be Peggy Penelope masking as Demosthenes," she whispered to her companion, who nodded slightly.

When Mary, dressed as Folly, in a cap and bells and spangled skirt, entered the hall on the arm of the gravely ridiculous Demosthenes, a burst of congratulations met them. Mary's little sister had indeed let the cat out of the bag, and every one knew who Folly and Demosthenes were. The admiration of Peggy Penelope's masculine though toga-hampered stride, and of her pebble-choked utterance, was unbounded. Just before the masks were to be removed, Peggy Penelope was suddenly taken quite ill, and left the hall attended by her faithful friend, Folly, who took her to her (Folly's) own home.

While Mary was making up a bed in a little store-room which could be kept secured against the prying eyes and ears of little sis

ters and brothers, John Hastings told his story to Mrs. Stewart and Peggy Penelope herself. It was, in brief, that he was returning to the neighboring town where he lived, after conducting a fugitive slave to the next station on the "Underground Railway," when he saw on the brow of a hill he was nearing a party of slave-owners pursuing the slave. Naturally he did not wish to encounter them, and therefore turned his horse's head toward Canton. To his dismay the men noticed him, and apparently recognized him; for after a moment of consultation, part of them continued in the direction they had been traveling in, while four others set off in hot pursuit of him. They seemed bent on punishing him, for he gathered from their loud oaths and reckless riding, that they were slightly intoxicated and furiously angry. The race was long and close. Just after night-fall, when John had almost begun to feel that he must lose the race, he managed to give them the slip by tethering his horse in a hollow and reaching the school building on foot.

The slave-owners seemed disposed at first to make trouble for Hastings, but after a few days of unsuccessful searching for him they left Canton.

Hastings did not return to his own home till a month afterward, and when he did go he left Canton High School lamenting the loss of its favorite teacher, Mary Stewart. G. K., '04.

HEZEKIAH'S REWARD

(Second Prize Story)

'TWAS early in the spring of seventeen hundred and seventy-five. The trees and shrubs were just beginning to bud. The early birds had returned from the south and were gaily twittering on the branches. Everything seemed to be taking on new life and vigor.

No one could stop to notice those things then in the colonies. The air seemed to be tainted with the breath of oncoming war.

War!—bloodthirsty, ruinous, terrible, war was inevitable! For long years it had been warded off and beaten back, but it could be no longer withstood.

Hezekiah Danforth had watched the development of events with as great a zeal and understanding as any of his elders. His home was in Lexington, and he had passed his eighteenth birthday there in January. He was as tall, strong, and stalwart a youth as many men are at twenty-five.

The arrival of the redcoats at Boston had made his youthful blood boil within him, and he had vowed eternal vengeance to the British. He had decided, with his parents' consent, to shoulder his flint-lock and take up the cause of his country when the time came.

True to his word, he had enlisted as a minute-man in Captain Parker's company in February, and was drilling daily in the art of warfare under this veteran of the French and Indian wars. Hezekiah's companion, Benjamin Ware, was also in this company. Both boys took so much interest in their work and spent so much of their time out of drilling hours studying the manual, that they were the first in the company to master the tactics.

Thus time passed on, until one memorable night in April Hezekiah was awakened, a little after one o'clock, by the sound of voices under his window. He arose to discover the cause of this commotion, and as he opened the window, he heard these words, "Yes, Gage's troops are coming. They started——" This was enough for Hezekiah. He dressed and went out. As he was running down the street, he met Ben, who greeted him with, "Hey, Hez, the British are coming. A little before half past twelve a friend of father's stopped at the house, and said that a force of eight hundred Britishers are on the way to Lexington and Concord to capture our supplies." "We'll have some work to do, then, before this day 's up," replied Hezekiah. "I'm willing to bet a hat, though, that they don't get the ammunition," said Ben. "There's not much going on here, Ben ; come on, we'll go down to the Common. Perhaps Captain Parker'll have something for us to do there," Hezekiah replied.

When the two boys reached the Common they found Captain Par-

ker sending out scouts down the highway to Boston to reconnoiter. He gave Hezekiah a horse and told him to ride to Concord with a message to Captain Barrett. Meanwhile Ben helped the men mould bullets and did many errands for Captain Parker.

It was nearly sunrise when Hezekiah came upon the Common again, his horse covered with foam from the long and tedious ride he had just taken. After he delivered his message to Captain Parker and was just picking up his flint-lock, an alarm rang to summon the minute-men. The cause of this alarm was easily perceived, for a body of English soldiers was approaching the Common. Captain Parker quickly formed his little company and marched out to meet the enemy. The British were under the command of Major Pitcairn, and as they came upon the Common their leader cried out to the minute-men, "Disperse! ye rebels, disperse!" Parker saw that his small handful of men would be easily overwhelmed by these six companies of royal infantry, so he ordered his men to retire. While obeying this command some one carelessly hit Ben's trigger. The powder flashed, but the bullet did no harm, as the gun was pointed upward. The English soldiers took this as a signal for the beginning of hostilities, and fired a volley into the thin ranks of the minute-men. As this brave little band retreated, carrying its dead and wounded, the British troops fired again and pressed on to Concord.

When Hezekiah found himself in the meeting-house he looked around for Ben. He found that Ben had been shot through the arm, and was already weak from loss of blood; so Hezekiah had him carried to his house. After Hezekiah found that Ben's wound was slight and that it would heal in a few weeks, he had something to eat and then set out on foot for Concord. A messenger had just arrived with news that the British had been repulsed at Concord and were retreating along the highway. It was fully one o'clock when Hezekiah perceived the glistening boyonets and shining coats of the English troops. He was now about half way between Concord and Lexington. He dodged behind a stone wall which set back from the road. Here he calmly loaded his gun and waited for the approach of the red-coats. He noticed that minute-

men were flocking to the road in great numbers and taking advantage of every wall, tree, and barn for a long distance down the road. As the English troops approached he carefully took aim and fired. Then he loaded his gun again and fired. He repeated this till the entire column had passed, then he ran across the fields to intercept them again at a turn. Here he repeated the same process, and his shot hardly ever missed its mark. He took advantage of every nook and crook of the road from Lexington to Charlestown.

By chance he wore a red flannel hunting shirt that day, and he appeared so many times and his aim was so deadly that the English troopers termed him "The Red Devil." Every time they saw him rise up from some unexpected point they would cry out, "Look out, there's that 'Red Devil' again." Soon the word was passed along the lines, "Beware of the 'Red Devil'!" It finally became such a watchword that whenever the name was pronounced the English soldiers would tremble in their shoes. Hezekiah kept up this wonderful work, wholly unconscious of the terror his form struck to every English soldier's heart.

Finally, at sundown, the British troops crossed Charlestown Neck, and Hezekiah, who had followed them all the way from Lexington, turned his steps homeward. He arrived there about half-past nine o'clock, and after going over to Ben's house to inquire after his condition, he retired thoroughly exhausted after his long day's work.

I might go on to tell how he won great fame throughout the war and lived happily in peace ever afterwards; but such was not the case. Captain Parker, hearing of the wonderful work Hezekiah had done, obtained for him a lieutenancy in General Ward's army, which was collected about Cambridge.

After the evacuation of Boston, the company in which Hezekiah was lieutenant disbanded, and Hezekiah retired once more to civil occupations; but whenever you visit Lexington and go up one of its side streets, you may see, in a little old-fashioned house, an old time-worn document which says that Hezekiah Danforth was promoted to the First Lieutenancy in the company of First Massachusetts Militia, in ye year of seventeen hundred and seventy-five.

SINGING JOE'S CHRISTMAS VACATION

(Third Prize Story)

"13, No. 13 is ready," called out the yard-master, slamming the door after him.

That morning as the engineers and firemen reported for duty they noticed a poster tacked up on one of the bulletins in the head freight office. It read as follows:—

Notice.

All firemen, engineers, and brakemen of the Eastern Division are hereby notified that on December 25, 189–, there will be no delay of freights. All freights must go through.

Per order

J. F. Smith, R. & L. R. R.

That meant no Christmas Day,— no Christmas dinner,— no Christmas vacation,— no time to see the happy family at home. All day long there was talk to be heard in the lounging rooms of the railroad men.

"Sed Johnson says the company has no right to keep us from having a Christmas vacation," snarled Frank Harrington.

"No, they have n't. That's true," drawled another.

"Well, boys, you see there is all of this fruit and stuff that will spoil if it is not moved," said the head bookkeeper, as he passed through.

All day long there were seen groups discussing this situation, The trouble came from a strike on the part of the brakemen and firemen, and for two whole days not a freight car was moved. Now t was the time the company took its revenge, as "Singing Joe" expressed it as he came in and heard what they were talking about.

"You d-id str-i-ke, a-nd n-ow is Comp's re-ve-ange."

Joe had never had control of his speech since he was five years old, and the only way he could express himself was by singing his idea or thought. He was liked as a friend among all of the railroad men, and pitied by some on account of his misfortune.

Thus was the railroad scene as the yard-master called out that No. 13 was ready to move her string of cars. This was Joe's train. He was an engineer,— an engineer that was hard to beat in skill and in knowledge of his machine. Joe had a first-class reputation in the Company.

Joe's engine "13" was a new five-wheeler. It was the beauty of the road; and as he sprang up the steps he gave a glance around to notice if everything was ship-shape, and that the tools were in their places.

Joe had hardly been in his engine five minutes when a yelling of his name caused him to look out of his cab window, only to see the telegraph operator flying towards him, crying out something that nobody could understand. In a minute he was alongside of the engine, gasping,—

"Special — 56 — has — run — away. Is — on — wrong — track. Will — smash — up — with — the — heavy — freight — at Smith— unless — H-Hentown — can — be — reached— "

That was enough! Already the wheels flew around on the wet tracks, under a wide-opened throttle. 13 gathered headway, and in a few minutes was doing her name honor in covering the ground. But that was not enough; there were seventy-eight miles to go in fifty-five minutes. An impossibility, anybody would have said, before the start; but when the farmers stopped to hear the scream of the whistle which had been growing louder for at least five minutes, and to see the funnel converted into a volcano, spouting forth fire and cinders, then it was that they said No. 13 was moving.

The "56" special was the president's train, and the engineer had been drinking heavily the day before Christmas, and thus it was that his engine had got away from him and he and his fireman had jumped.

It was five o'clock when Joe started, and at 5.15 he had covered eighteen miles. At Tread's he was leaping the track; at Howard's Crossing he was flying. And not until the high lights of Hentown switches were visible did the whistle once stop.

Then came the trial of slowing up his locomotive and without being late in signaling the heavy freight ; but it was too late. There was the heavy freight pulling out of the station, five miles down the track. It was on the same track ! Joe, grabbing his red bandanna handkerchief, jumped out through the window, ran along the rail and tied it over the headlight, then running back he tied the whistle down.

The switchman in the tower saw it, and none too soon. He pulled the switch controlling the main track and 13 slipped off into safety just in time to signal the heavy freight to stop, back, and side-track. Then Joe backed his engine on the first switch beyond, standing ready for 58. 58 came, and so did Joe ! For miles they raced together. Finally Joe forced his engine up on the last car of 58, and then, for some unaccountable reason, Joe yelled to his fireman, " When you are free with the cars of 58 pull back." Probably the strain of life and death was too much, and while trying to express himself he once more found his speech, which ever after remained with him.

Then jumping through the window on the rail he ran forward, got down onto the cow-catcher, and coupled the cars together. Then climbing into the vestibule he opened the door, ran through the train of terrified occupants, smashed the glass with his hand and then climbed through that hell of torture, reached down and pulled out the pin, then swinging his arm to one side of the car he jumped aboard the engine, there to battle against escaping steam to stop the engine before further harm could be done.

That night Joe's wages were doubled as well as his faithful fireman's,— a Christmas present to their families and to themselves. Early the next morning a telegram was brought to Joe's humble house. It read as follows :—

ST—— S—— 18— 19—

To Joseph Hunnington :—

MY DEAR FRIEND,— Your services yesterday afternoon can never be repaid. Rest till Monday. See me Monday morning.

Your truest friend,

H. S. HAYFORD.

Joe keeps that telegram now in his office, for he is now superintendent of the Locomotive Power.

It is needless to say that Joe got a Christmas vacation. He earned it. R. O. B., '03.

"MR. BOB"

ON Tuesday evening, November 26th, a large audience assembled in Shailer Hall to see the two-act play, "Mr. Bob," given by pupils of the school for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Philip Royson	Sidney A. Burr
Mr. Brown	Philip C. Jacobs
Jenkins	Edwin E. Pritchett
Aunt Becky	Helen W. Ordway
Katherine Luke	Florence E. Green
Marion Bryant	Bonnibelle Beard
Patty	Olive E. McMackin

The plot of the play is essentially as follows: A lawyer's clerk, Mr. Robert Brown, has "come down" to see the "maiden lady" on important business. His identity is mistaken by Aunt Becky and the servants, who take him to be an architect's agent with plans for extending the house to make an asylum for destitute cats. Katherine, the niece, mistakes him for Mr. Saunders, a friend of her cousin, Philip Royson, while the latter, taking him for "Bob" (who is in reality a girl-friend of Katherine's), supposes from his cousin's ardent praise of "Bob" that "he" is her betrothed, and makes life miserable for poor Brown, who begins to doubt his own identity and thinks himself in a household of lunatics. Meanwhile, Miss Bryant, the real "Bob," has arrived on the scene, but Philip does not suspect that this is his cousin's "Bob," but only sees in her the young lady to whom he has a year before completely lost his heart.

Now Philip has struck a bargain with his aunt to give up his yachting if she will abandon her cat enterprise, and confides to

"Bob," who has been invited to sail in the race, that if she wins, he will give her his boat as a trophy. He does not for a moment imagine that the young lady is going to sail his boat. She does so, however, and not only wins the boat, but the offer of Philip's hand as well, while poor Brown's identity is satisfactorily revealed, and all ends happily.

The part of the elderly lady, Aunt Becky, whose hobby it is to see destitute cats well taken care of, was carefully done by Miss Ordway, whose acting showed a finish that was the evident result of long and careful training.

Mr. Burr portrayed very successfully the rather difficult character of the good-hearted, impetuous nephew, and his scene with the cats was the hit of the show. Miss Greene, in her impersonation of the mischievous girl who loves to tease, was delightful. There was a simplicity about her acting that was very effective.

Perhaps the most difficult role was that of the unfortunate, effeminate, and conceited idiot, Mr. Brown ; but Mr. Jacobs played the part to perfection, and furnished a good share of the evening's fun.

Miss Beard was a most charming "Mr. Bob," and was quick to grasp the opportunities of her part, while Miss McMackin, as the stage-struck, willful Patty, gave a conception of the part that was, because of its excellence, a revelation to the delighted audience.

In the part of her lover, the dignified Jenkins, Mr. Pritchett was simply irresistible. Not once did he forget himself — he made an ideal butler.

Great praise is due Mr. Brooks, under whose direction the play was given, and who devoted himself so unselfishly to the task of training the members of the cast for the play ; a labor in which he was ably assisted by Miss Adams and Miss Hartwell. The grateful appreciation of the school is extended to all those who did so much to make the entertainment a success.

After the play informal dancing was enjoyed by many of the audience, and all those present declared it one of the most enjoyable evenings they had ever spent. H. A. H.

THE SAGAMORE

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EDITORIALS

ANNUALLY, with clock-like regularity, is the subject of bicycles brought up. How far this ancient custom dates back is not clear in the mind of the writer, but it seems to have had its origin in pre-historic times, and to have been handed down from year to year until it has become a matter-of-fact sort of a duty, which is completed with the mere statement of the grievance. Why not break that time-honored custom of totally ignoring all complaints and suggestions concerning the betterment of the deplorable "bicycular" conditions which exist at the Brookline High School, and actually take some step toward the improvement of the present state of affairs?

At each side entrance of our school there are a limited number of bicycle racks. Probably, with a little judicious crowding, twenty wheels could be cared for at each entrance. Those of us who are unfortunate enough to arrive after those first forty riders, must place our wheels inside the lower corridor.

At best, it is but a choice between the lesser of two evils. If we leave our steeds outside, we run the risk of exposing them to the fury of the elements; if we place them inside, we run the risk of exposing ourselves to the fury of the janitor for tracking up his floor. What an inspiring sight it is to see wheels piled up in layers along the walls of our corridor, taking up almost seven-eighths of the room which we ourselves should have the privilege of enjoying! And yet, after mature deliberation, we have come to the conclusion that we might exist without this pleasing picture, could we but rest assured that our steeds were receiving plentiful and proper care. In order to accomplish this end, we venture to make a suggestion which we sincerely hope may appeal to the School Board with the same force that it does to us.

We suggest that a bicycle shed be erected upon the school property immediately adjoining the school building. Such a shed need not take up much space, neither need it involve any great

expense, while the benefits derived from such a building would be enormous, we feel sure.

Let us live in hopes that by the time the bicycle season has again rolled around, our suggestion will have born fruit.

THE teachers appointed to judge the comparative merits of the stories competing for the prize, felt that they needed help in making this decision, so they submitted the best of the stories to a lady outside the school, who has a reputation as a writer. They believe that they were right in doing this, and they heartily approve of the choice which has been made. It gives us great pleasure to quote the following lines received from the third judge, and to know that she holds the High School stories to be worthy of praise :—

"I think the stories rather surprisingly good. The first has a 'go,' which is the rarest thing in school stories. The second is excellent for a beginning in historical fiction. In the third, the plot is fairly well managed, but the technical details are too ambitious for what they really achieve. I enjoyed reading them immensely."

The prize winners are as follows: First, Miss Grace Kellogg; second, ——— ———; third, Raymond O. Brackett.

IT seems a pity that a school like ours should not support some sort of literary club. Nearly all the high schools in and about Boston have at least one organization for the purpose of discussing and giving readings from our best English classics. There is one suburban school, especially, that has two literary societies, one of one hundred, and the other of fifty members. Of course our small school could never give such a large membership, but we surely should be able to form some sort of a literary organization. Think it over.

Subscribers will greatly oblige The Sagamore by patronizing those places which advertise in our paper, and by mentioning The Sagamore occasionally.

Brookline *vs.* Cambridge Latin

ON November 8th, at the Cedar-street gridiron, Newton, Brookline High added another victory to her string by defeating Cambridge Latin 13 to 11.

Cambridge Latin presented a much lighter team than her opponents, but played a steadier game under the generalship of Taft, the little quarterback. The Cambridge boys tore great holes in Brookline's line, and Taft covered himself with glory in running in punts and in his clever dodging on end plays.

Brookline kicked off to Cambridge's 20-yard line and Taft advanced the ball 15 yards. On the next three plays the Latin School was held for downs and on slow, steady, but sure line plunges the ball was advanced to Cambridge's 3-yard line, where the Latin School boys held for downs. On the first rush Taft tried a trick, but was thrown behind his line for a safety.

When Cambridge brought the ball out to her 25-yard line to punt Burns placed the ball on the ground, and immediately a Brookline player was on it; but the referee gave the ball to Cambridge and allowed them to punt it, instead of giving it to Brookline.

The next few rushes netted nothing for the Latin team and the ball went to Brookline on her opponent's 30-yard line. Brookline

failed to make the required distance, and on the third down Le Moyne dropped back and kicked one of the prettiest field goals seen in a long time on a school gridiron.

On the next kickoff Brookline was held for downs. Cambridge then started for a score and it looked as if a touchdown would result from the excellent work of Burns, but at the critical moment he fumbled the ball.

Brookline fumbled the first thing and Cambridge again had the ball and started in with gains of 5, 10, and 15 yards around the High School's ends. After advancing the ball to the High School's 20-yard line Cambridge was held for downs, and Le Moyne booted the ball out of danger.

Taft caught the punt and passed three men who tried to nab him, but was thrown by Quigley. Then followed an exchange of punts on which Le Moyne had the best of it over Burns.

The Latin School started in rushing, but was held, and Burns booted the pigskin to B. H. S.'s 3-yard line. Wilbor let it roll over without touching it, and Burns immediately sprinted down and fell on the ball for Cambridge's first touchdown. On the next play time was called.

On the kickoff Talbot carried the ball from the 25-yard line to the middle of the field. The High School was now held for two downs, and on the third Le Moyne dropped back to punt, but the pass was high, and the ball rolled on the ground, where Thompson fell on it. On the next rush the ball was fumbled and rolled 15 yards from the pile. Hopewell picked it up and ran 75 yards for a touchdown. Brennan kicked goal.

The kickoff went to Taft, who was nailed in his tracks, and on three tries failed to advance the pigskin. Brookline was held for two downs, and Le Moyne again tried a goal from the field, but it was blocked. Quigley grabbed the ball and ran 20 yards before being downed. On steady line plunges the ball was carried over the line by Barndollar, giving Brookline the winning score.

The ball was now kept in Cambridge territory until time was called. The summary: —

Brookline High.	Cambridge Latin.
Cronin, l. e.	r. e., Brennen
Lincoln, l. e.	
Floyd, l. t.	r. t., Hopewell
Le Moyne, l. g.	r. g., Howe
Perry, c.	c., Bushway
Delano, r. g.	l. g., Cahir
	l. g., Waterbury
Cook, r. t.	l. t., Carroll
Thompson, r. e.	l. e., Ellis
Talbot, q. b.	q. b., Taft
	q. b., Conlin
Quigley, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Holland
Wilbor, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Burns
Barndollar, f. b.	f. b., Eaton

Score—B. H. S. 13, Cambridge 11. Touchdowns—Burns, Barndollar. Goals from touchdowns—Wilbor, Brennen. Goal from field—Le Moyne. Safety—Burns. Umpire—O'Connell. Referee—Dean. Linesmen—Wilcox, Brainard. Time—Two 20m. periods.

Brookline *vs.* Hopkinson, at Newton

On Friday, November 15th, Brookline played her last game of the season at the Cedar-street grounds. The smallest crowd of the year was out to see it and there was practically no cheering.

Wilbor won the toss and chose the west goal with a strong wind in Brookline's favor. Hoppy kicked off and the ball was down on Brookline's 30-yard line. B. H. S. gained through Hoppy's line, but Le Moyne was finally forced to punt, the ball going outside at Hopkinson's 40-yard line. Hoppy lost the ball on Brookline's 40-yard line and a moment later Quigley made a beautiful 35-yard run around Hoppy's right end. From here Brookline advanced the ball steadily down the field, and finally pushed Barndollar over the line for a touchdown. Wilbor kicked a difficult goal. Score: Brookline 6, Hopkinson 0.

After the next kickoff our team soon worked the ball down into Hoppy's territory. On the 30-yard line Hoppy got the ball, but could not gain, and Brookline blocked the punt, Delano falling on

the ball on the 25-yard line. On the first play Quigley again circled the right end and scored Brookline's second touchdown. Wilbor kicked the goal. Score: Brookline 12, Hoppy 0.

Time was called soon after the next kickoff with the ball near the center of the field.

Talbot kicked off for Brookline and Hoppy formed a beautiful interference, bringing the ball to Brookline's 50-yard line before Barndollar downed his man. From here Hoppy carried the ball to the 10-yard line, mostly by the efforts of Leatherbee, who was playing the whole game for Hoppy. Here Hopkinson lost 15 yards and a chance to score for coaching from the side lines. Brookline got the ball on downs. Le Moyne immediately punted to the middle of the field, and the ends got their man before he could gain a yard. Leatherbee again gained ground for Hoppy, but the ball soon went to Brookline on a fumble. Brookline rushed the ball to Hoppy's 20-yard line and lost a sure touchdown by offside play. Le Moyne tried a drop kick from the 35-yard line, but it was blocked and the ball rolled back to Brookline's 40-yard line, where Talbot fell on it. Again our team carried the ball to the 20-yard line and seemed sure of another touchdown, when time was called. The line-up:—

BROOKLINE.	HOPKINSON.
Lincoln, l. e.	r. e., Goddard
Floyd, l. t.	r. t., Parker
Le Moyne, l. g.	r. g., Peaver
Perry, c.	c., Southard
Delano, r. g.	l. g., L. Davis
Cook (Kemp), r. t.	l. t., J. Davis
Thompson, r. e.	l. e., Malon
Talbot, q. b.	q. b., Colby
Quigley, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Hill
Wilbor, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Leatherbee
Barndollar, f. b.	f. b., R. Peaver

Score — Brookline 12, Hopkinson 0. Touchdowns — Quigley, Barndollar. Goals from touchdowns—Wilbor 2. Umpire—Lane. Referee—Pendleton. Linesmen—Bailey and J. Barndollar. Time—20 and 25-minute halves.

[From the Boston Globe]

A MOST SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Teams of the Preparatory League have been Evenly Matched and the Scores have been Small

THE season just ended has been the most successful which the Preparatory League has ever had, and the teams have been most evenly matched. All the scores have been comparatively small and the teams that were considered the weakest earlier in the season proved later that they were the strongest. There are three schools tied for last place, Boston Latin, Hopkinson, and Cambridge Latin, each having won one game and lost three. The work of these three teams has been erratic; one day they would play like winners, and the next day they played as if they did not know the first rudiments of the game.

Newton has played a fine game all through the season, not being scored on by any of the league teams, and winning every game, except the one with Brookline, by a decisive score.

Brookline High came in second and it looked at the latter part of the season as if she ought to have won the championship. Quigley's being injured in the Newton game was what spoiled Brookline's chances for the banner, as he was the best ground gainer which the B. H. S. had, with the exception of Delano. When Quigley retired from the game, Brookline lost all the team work that she displayed in the first half, and the Newton boys had no trouble in gaining their distance.

Hopkinson started the season playing like a strong applicant for championship honors, defeating Cambridge Latin, but when she met the other league teams her line showed that it could not withstand the onslaught of heavier opponents. With a few more players like Leatherbee and Goddard, the Beacon Hill team would have put up a different article of football.

Little Taft was the strongest factor in holding Cambridge Latin together, and when he was out of the game the boys from across the Charles seemed to lose all knowledge of the game, and their play was very ragged.

Boston Latin was the surprise of the season. In the early practice games the team ran up large scores against her opponents, but when she began the league race, her team went to pieces. One or two individual players, like Sullivan and Mahoney, did all the playing, aided now and then by brilliant work on the part of Hanley.

In the case of Boston Latin it was clearly demonstrated that a team, in order to play championship football, must have team play and not rely on the work of one or two stars.

The league standing :—

Clubs.	Newton.	B. H. S.	Hopkinson.	C. L. S.	B. L. S.	W.
Newton	. .	5—0	28—0	26—0	29—0	4
Brookline	0—5	. .	12—0	13—11	20—0	3
Hopkinson	0—28	0—12	. .	11—10	0—6	1
Cambridge Latin	0—26	11—13	10—11	. .	6—0	1
Boston Latin	0—29	0—20	6—0	0—6	. .	1

BASKET-BALL

When the candidates for the girls' basket-ball team came out this year there was the largest number that has appeared for some time. This fact was very encouraging and the first practice game showed that there was a great deal of good material among the players. After a month of practice the following girls have been chosen for the regular team : home, Florence Morse, Frances Barndollar ; center guards, Bonnibelle Beard, Helen Bush ; center, Elizabeth Leland ; defenders, Carolyn Parker, Frances Manning. The schedule of the games for the ensuing year is as follows : Radcliffe College, December 18th, at Cambridge ; Dean Academy, February 5th, at Brookline ; and the return game, March 1st.

The Newton team has been challenged, but the date has not been definitely set. This schedule probably does not include all the games which will be played, as there are a number of other schools which the team has been accustomed to meet to which challenges have not as yet been sent.

SONG OF THE BROOKLINE BOYS

1901

There's a "B. H. S." boy on the team
When Harvard wins the game.

Then let us all remember
That day in grim November,
When Harvard's crimson banners
Waved high o'er Soldiers' Field;
For we can share the glory,
And with pride can tell the story
How Marshall's splendid calmness
Helped Harvard win her fame.
So let us sing
Till echoes ring
In accents still the same:
There's a Brookline High boy on the team
When Harvard wins the Game.

CHORUS.— When Harvard wins the game,
When Harvard wins the game;
There's a "B. H. S." boy on the team,
A "B. H. S." boy on the team,
There's a "B. H. S." boy on the team,
When Harvard wins the game.

NEWS NOTES

Brookline High can indeed be proud of one of her former pupils, Carl Marshall, the star quarter-back of the Harvard eleven. Those who saw the big game of the 23d, and noticed Marshall's wonderful work, will not be surprised to learn that he has been assigned the enviable position of first place among the leading quarter-backs of the season.

Geoffrey Bartlett, formerly of Class II., is now preparing for a competitive examination by which he hopes to secure an appointment for West Point. Here's good luck to you, "Jeff!"

It is almost time for beginning "to cut ice" on skates.

At the last meeting of the Debating Club one member made this surprising statement: "Each one of these steel-workers has one wife and three children on the average,— more or less." One might suppose that the steel-workers were Mormons.

There was a slight smile on the faces of the pupils of III.A French when the words, "enfoncée dans l'oreiller," were translated, "throwing his ears into the pillow."

Mr. B——s — "Please conjugate the present subjunctive of aller?"
Pupil — "Que j'allasse, que tu allasses, qu'il al*lasse*."
Mr. B——s — "Alas, no. Next!"

Philip Fox, B. H. S. '99, is playing right tackle on the Harvard scrub eleven.

George Stillman, B. H. S. '96, is this year head coach of the Yale football team.

"Got your ticket to the game?" — "Bought your ticket for the play?" This is what we now hear on every side, but nevertheless let us not forget that there is a little item of fifty cents or so due to The Sagamore.

The girls of the Freshman Class wear so many silver trappings, bracelets, bags, etc., that their passage through the corridor resembles the probable effect of a thunderbolt frisking about Shreve, Crump & Low's, or Stowell's.

A certain member of the College English Class thinks that reading things in a *cursory* manner means to criticise them. This person evidently puts a very strong accent upon the first syllable of the word.

Some one ought to teach a combination class for one young lady who, when asked for the German for "one dog," replied, "der chien."

Well, second place is next to first anyway!

Economy is the road to wealth. By Miss Frye's successful suggestion we absorb the news of each day on our way up the stairs without paying for a paper. However, let us hope it doesn't encourage matching pennies.

In Sight Latin. "Some swans alight and others flying above look down on those already lit."

$60,000! Although near Thanksgiving, it's a pretty big price for Turkey!

LOCALS

A young lady recently made the startling statement that fiancé in French was translated financier. We beg to suggest that a fiancé, although expected to be, is not necessarily a financier.

Teacher — "What is the largest river in Italy, Leo?"
Leo — "The — the — the"—
Leo's sister — "Say Po, Leo."
Leo — "Sapolio."—Ex.

Attention, English scholars! Is this statement grammatical? Although there are many styles of girls in the school, there is only one Stiles girl.

The IV. Class may well feel proud of one of its boys, for when he starts out to do a thing he is sure to Dewett.

Question: Why is the Herald like China?
Answer: Because it's on the other side of the Globe.

Harvard wins. Come, girls, how about that box of fudge?

Why is it that when G—g– Br—tt approaches with his new hat the fellows whistle "O listen to the band?"

The principal of the High School in one of the suburbs of Boston visited Brookline High not long ago; and finding the work here of such a high quality, he came again a few days later, bringing with him his entire faculty. Score one for B. H. S.

Mrs. Green (reading from newspaper)— "Silk hose only $2.50 a pair."

Mr. Green — "That's nothing, I can buy a whole length of hose for $2.50."

Mrs. Green — "But you cannot use the length to the same advantage that I can use the pair."

Mr. Green — "Yes, I can. I can get twenty-five feet in my length, and you can get only two feet in your pair." — Ex.

Last year's Senior Class may have been naughty, but just ask Mr. Brooks if you don't believe that this year's class is naughty-two.

Did you notice that in the presentation of "Mr. Bob" there were any number of wigs used, but singular to say, there was only one Beard.

The school has recently had a valuable addition, in the person of A. Bishop, who is a member of Class IV.

Speaking of smallpox, did you know there was a Case in the school?

The little controversy which took place between Harvard and Yale before the game, might have been classed as a Cutt(s)-Glass affair.

Ernest Seton-Thompson is bad grammar. It ought to be Ernest Saton Thompson.

Wanted — A man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes in a boarding-house.

If you were talking about one way in which the pupils eat who patronize one lunch counter, would you use the word *essen* or *fressen*?

It is lucky for the city of Boston that Harvard does not win every Saturday.

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CONTENTS

News from Hampton 67
Syd's Fateful Serenade . . . 69
The Modern Solomon 71
A New Year's Resolution . 72
My Visit to a "Shout" . . 73
Bishop Lawrence 77
Beautiful Spring 77
Athletics 81
The Conundrum 82
Editorials 84
Slang Phrases which are Antique 87
News Notes 88
A Lay of Ancient Rome . . 90
Locals 91

January

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1902

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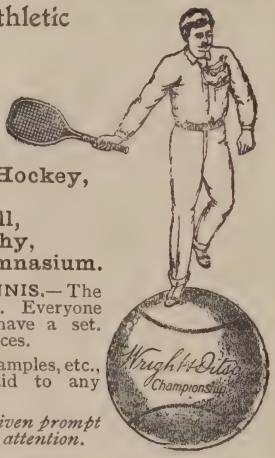

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VOLUME 8 JANUARY, 1902 NUMBER 3

NEWS FROM HAMPTON

HAMPTON, VA., NOV. 27, 1901.

To the Brookline High School:—

DEAR FRIENDS,—Inclosed is a letter from your scholarship student, Anthony D. Watson. His instructor in carpentry tells me that he is doing very well at the shop, and that he is in earnest about his work. He is a fair student, and a good fellow, so that we can heartily indorse his letter.

With many thanks to you all for what you are doing for Watson,

I am sincerely yours,

M. J. SHERMAN.

HAMPTON, VA., NOV. 20th, 1901.

KIND FRIENDS, — It is now time for us to write scholarship letters again. With much pleasure I use this time for this duty. I shall tell you something of my life and pleasures that have passed since I wrote my last letter.

At the close of last term I was promoted to "A. Middle" Night School. So I am now in that class and am expecting to be in the Senior Class next term.

My summer life has been very pleasant. As the second year boys were allowed to go away this last summer many of us were seeking jobs for the summer just before school closed. With many other boys, I had planned to go up on Lake George to do some kind of hotel work. I would like to have stayed here all summer, but I felt that I could help myself by going away probably more than I could by staying.

Before the time came to go Major Moton found that it was necessary to have some one else in the quartette (Second) and as he chose me, I stayed.

I worked during the month of July, for which I was paid cash. The Second Quartette, as you may know, goes away only in the summer, when it sings at summer resorts, mostly on Lake George and out in the Adirondacks.

We left here on the night of the first of August, and stayed away about four weeks. I shall only give you a synopsis of my trip because it would take too much time and space to tell it in full.

We left here via Old Dominion line and went straight through to Lake George. We stopped at Caldwell at the foot of Lake George, where we had our first meeting, Sunday, Aug. 4th. From there we went on up the Lake singing at various hotels, a new one almost every night; sometimes we sang during the day also. There are a great many hotels on the Lake. Finally we came to the "Silver Bay House" where quite a number of our boys were working. This was the hotel to which I had expected to go. We not only had a successful meeting, but a very pleasant stay while there. From there we went on up the Lake. Finally we came to the end of Lake George, and crossed over to Lake Champlain at Ticonderoga. We went on up that lake, without stopping, to Westport. There we took the stage for the Adirondacks. We went out through Keene valley, then on to Lake Placid, then to Paul Smith's and Long Lake.

We came on back by Paul Smith's around through Plattsburgh by Bluff Point, and back down to Westport, where we had our last meeting. From there we came straight through to New York, and then on to Hampton. We got back on the 28th. This was the end of our very pleasant and successful trip. We heard very many encouraging remarks, and everybody seemed to enjoy the singing very much, which of course gave us great pleasure.

So you see this was my second trip North. Although I have been very near Brookline, I have not been able to get there. But I hope I shall see the place some day.

After I got back here I worked in the pantry during September. And a few days after school opened I began to work at my trade. I am now working my second year.

With the aid of many of the teachers I have been able to get one of my sisters here in school. That is very pleasant for me to think of. We are both in Night School.

I am very well and have been all the year.

Now, kind friends, I hope I have not tired you by writing such a long letter.

I shall be very glad to see some of you here at Hampton.

Again thanking you for your kindness towards me,

I remain yours very gratefully,

ANTHONY D. WATSON.

SYD'S FATEFUL SERENADE

INDIFFERENCE is the hardest of all things to bear, and as Teddy Monroe had been obliged to bear it for nearly three months, his fortitude was almost exhausted. Teddy was a nice boy, and he had hitherto imagined he was the kind of a boy that girls like. Therefore when, on moving to his present abode two or three months before the time this story opens, he discovered that in the house whose back yard adjoined his there dwelt a young lady with a charming face and an adorable figure, that in the house next this resided a second lovely creature with such a voice (and Teddy, next to girls, worshipped music), and that at the very next door was one of those delightful beings who are much addicted to light novels and hammocks, he felt that he was indeed a favorite of Fortune.

But over two months had passed and Teddy began to change his mind. He had not managed to get acquainted with even one of the three fair ones. The fine figure, dressed in the latest fashion, sailed majestically past him on the street without the slight-

est glance of recognition; the voice sang nightly to the accompaniment of a wretched piano, regardless of the fact that Teddy was dying to accompany her on his mandolin; the cozy creature read novels, ate candy, and flirted, quietly ignoring lonesome Teddy, who had now nothing to do but practice on his beloved mandolin.

Teddy had a young brother named Syd, who thought he was quite as musical as his elder brother. Of course Teddy disagreed with him on this subject, and ordered Syd not to touch his mandolin.

One evening when Teddy had gone out and there was no one at home except Syd and the servant, who had already gone to bed in her attic chamber, Syd felt that it was the time for him to try his hand on Teddy's mandolin. He played very softly at first as he strummed an accompaniment to Teddy's sentimental ballads and sang them in a not unmusical tenor. Charmed with his success, Syd longed for a wider field, where he might sing without fear of awakening Norah. He looked out into the back yard. Then he went out. The back yards of the dwellings of the three fascinating but hard-hearted young ladies adjoined Teddy's in such a way that the right hand back corner post of the fence surrounding Teddy's domain was the left hand one of the fence belonging to "the figure"; the right hand one of "the voice," and the left hand one again of the "cozy creature." Upon this post Syd perched and sang.

Soon a light appeared in the second story of the last named house. A curtain was raised and a hand with a floating handkerchief was visible for a moment, and then withdrawn. It belonged to the "cozy creature!"

Next moment a window was softly raised in the house of the voice, and, though the room was quite dark, Syd imagined he could distinguish the blond hair of "the shy voice" herself.

Syd had scarcely recovered from his surprise at his extraordinary success when he perceived at a lighted window in the next house, "the fine figure," standing close to the glass, and making some unintelligible motions. Syd chuckled, but as it was near the

time when Teddy might be expected home, he reluctantly but prudently dismounted from his post, and re-entering the house, closed the back door with a lively bang.

Next morning as Teddy was sauntering gayly down the street he descried "the voice" approaching, and a tinge of sadness o'erspread his cheerful countenance as he hummed, "Strangers Yet." But to his amazement, when she saw him, she showed the most unmistakable signs of embarrassment, and a very visible blush was observable upon her face. A little later in the day he met the "cozy creature," and, as her eyes met his she gave him a tender "We know" look which raised him to the most exalted heights of joy and wonderment. Yet the miracle of miracles was yet to come. The very next person to approach was "the fine figure," and as she passed, she gave Teddy a smile and bow which left him fairly stupefied.

Two years later when "the voice"—whose name, by the way, turned out to be Cora, which Teddy thought a "heavenly appellation"—had made Teddy the happiest boy in the world, he said to her, "Cora, what made you begin to like me?" And Cora responded sweetly, "It was that serenade, Teddy." Now Teddy had no recollection of the fortunate serenade; but, under the circumstances, he found it advisable not to show his ignorance. But Syd knew; oh yes, Syd knew, and wondered what his luck would be when he took to love-making on his own account.

C. K.

THE MODERN SOLOMON

HE TURNS HIS LUMINARIES UPON THE SUBJECT OF FOOTBALL

BEHOLD now the man who playeth —— back on the team of the Brookline Institution of Learning. Behold him as he goeth to the game eager for the fray like unto a lion from his lair—yea, verily, he looketh like two cents, and his hair descendeth

even unto his lamps; and behind him streameth his whole family, yea, even unto his small brother, who meandereth from his domicile and rooteth for the Brookline Institution of Learning. And at about the third hour the team rusheth upon the field at the heels of the noble —— back, who kicketh the ball with mighty force, and then proceedeth to raise Cain with his opponent. Yea, verily, he kicketh, he scratcheth, and he biteth like unto the tiger who hath not eaten for seven days. And the bleachers yell, "Poke his luminaries out; put him out of the biz." and divers similar expressions of endearment. And the Cranium of the noble full-back of the Brookline Institution of Learning becometh enlarged; yea, verily, it even threateneth to tear asunder his head gear. And he getteth his neck broken, and is carried off the field murmering heroically, "Just Break the News to Mother." And the Brookline Institution of Learning is beaten, yea, verily, they meet defeat to the tune of 30 to 0. Selah.

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

IT was the first of January and I was getting dressed to go skating. The night before I had been up till about three o'clock seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in, and, naturally, I was rather sleepy. I was foolish to stay up till that time when I knew I should have to get up early to go skating, but I was still more foolish to resolve that I would keep my temper for the next year.

As I put on my collar I was feeling very virtuous because I had not lost my temper, although I could not find any of the things I wanted to wear, but when the collar button slipped out of my fingers and rolled off somewhere I was not specially pleased. I got down on my hands and knees, however, and crawled round the room looking under all the furniture without finding it. I finally gave up the search and was looking for another one in a box where I kept trash of that sort, when I happened to look down and saw the object of my exertions in the middle of the floor.

When I had finished dressing I started down-stairs, but I stopped to fix one of my shoe lacings, and as it broke I had to go back to get another, wishing that I did not always have quite such hard luck. But more trouble was in store for me, for I could not find a single shoestring and finally had to borrow one of my sister's, — a flimsy silk thing — the kind girls always have. "I'm ready at last," I called to the boys; but no such luck, I had forgotten my skates. I dashed upstairs as fast as I could go and came rushing down again like a whirlwind. When I got within five steps of the end of the stairs I tripped over a string which my little brother had thoughtfully left tied across the stairs. It is perhaps unnecessary to mention that the remarks which I made about collar-buttons, shoe-lacings, skates, little brothers, and strings, are unfit for publication.

As my friends picked up what was left of me, including a sprained ankle and a badly cut hand, I vowed that I would make no more resolutions, and I have kept true to my vow.

1904.

MY VISIT TO A "SHOUT"

WHEN a sufficiently large crowd had gathered in the little church in the pine woods of South Carolina, the exercises of the evening began with some representations from the Bible, several of which were very interesting; especially so where the negro dialect was used in quoting from the Bible.

By the time these were over midnight was approaching, and with it the new year. Several "Reverants" prayed, each trying to prolong his harangue so as to be the one to "pray in" the new year. One even prayed for "de kind white folks who hab lef' der respectable boa'ding houses to visit dis chu'ch." At last he took out his watch and exclaimed that the new year had arrived. Immediately every one jumped up and congratulated his neighbor and wished him a happy new year. Some one began ringing the church bell furiously, and all was a hubbub. We were not at all backward, but joined the rest in their joy.

The seats were cleared away, and as soon as order was somewhat restored we heard several persons clapping and keeping time with their feet while they sung at the top of their lungs, "Oh, my soul! Jordan roll! Oh, my soul!" etc., in even measure. At once several people began shuffling with their feet and slowly moving around the room, while others joined, until presently every one fell into the circle, except a few timid ones and the white visitors.

I was especially interested in two men, one old and short, the other middle-aged and very tall. There seemed to be great rivalry between them, and each was trying to "outshout" the other. The tall one bent over, with his hands on his hips, while the short one nearly stood on tiptoes, with his face turned up almost to touch the other's. Sometimes one shuffled backward and the other forward; at other times the one forward and the other backward, and at other times each went sideways. The longer they shouted the more excited they grew; and at every minute I expected they would come to blows. The perspiration rolled down their cheeks, and their eyes stood out almost like crabs' eyes. This was not the only couple trying to "out-shout" each other; for it was a feat of great honor to be able to shout longer than any one else in "de chu'ch"; and as shouts come but once or twice a year, this is a time of great interest. I was aching in every bone to join in, but had never shouted, and was afraid to try. I am sorry to say I never knew which of the two men I have described "out-shouted" the other, for we left before the meeting was over. I was sorry to go, but it was then after three o'clock.

For almost a mile away we could hear the regular and incessant "shick, shuck, shick, shuck," of their feet on the floor, and now and then the voices of the chorus rising clear above all other sounds.

I afterward learned that this shout lasted until dawn, and that two of the party died from pneumonia caused by getting overheated and cooling off too suddenly.

This "shout" is a real old-time "shout," imported from Africa, and still practiced on the Sea Islands of South Carolina.

A. O. C., '02.

CAST OF "MR. BOB"

BISHOP LAWRENCE A BROOKLINE SCHOOLBOY

AT the exercises in Whitney Hall, when the tablet given by the Hannah Goddard Chapter of the D. A. R. was presented to the town of Brookline, Bishop Lawrence was one of the speakers. He said that he "spoke as a Brookline boy for Brookline boys." In the course of his address he gave some interesting reminiscences of the days when he, a pupil in the old Pierce school, used to play football at recess time in the region around the schoolhouse. The line-up was always "Rail-Splitters" against the rest of the crowd. In those days *he* was not a "Rail-Splitter," but a "Bell and Everett" man. He was obliged to say that the "Rail-Splitters" always beat their opponents; their zeal and energy making them the winners in every game. When the ball went over the fence into one man's yard, that man always cut a hole in it; but when it went over into the yard of Doctor Edward Wild, afterwards General Wild, he always tossed it back with a merry word to the players.

Bishop Lawrence grew eloquent as he spoke of the Brookline men who fought in the war of the Rebellion. He told how he went upon Boston Common to see the 1st Massachusetts leave for the seat of war. The enthusiasm of that leave-taking is never to be forgotten. Ropes and policemen were of no avail against the crowd that wanted to say farewell to the "soldier boys." Brookline early gave of her finest and best when the nation called for men. The cause was high and just; the war was inevitable, and was fought through with splendid courage and enthusiasm; and, although war is to be averted, if it is possible to avert it by honorable means, still, when it comes, as come it must, every man must fight for home and native land.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING

WITH the first warm, balmy days of spring there comes that sensation, so strange to many natures, of desiring to do something. This mania, which happily in most cases soon passes

away, always ends in trouble for some one. On the first warm day comes the eruption in the home. A tiny flame has been lighted somewhere, unbeknown to the masculine members of the home, which will know no check until it has overrun the whole house. The doors and windows are thrown open, carpets are taken up, rugs are beaten, and furniture is moved. All is chaos. No sanctuary is safe from pollution by the cleansing octopus. Its far-reaching arms discover that long forgotten drawer, in that state of confusion so dear to the masculine heart, which is generally known as "Just where I can put my hand on it." The disorderly heap of papers, so precious and sacred, is ruthlessly "arranged." No one dares to move about in the dark for fear of the furniture, which rises so maliciously in the spot that was certainly empty the moment before. The meals are eaten on the jump. Everybody is in a hurry, the men to leave the house, the gentler sex to get rid of the men. It is a madness older than the hills, yet ever new. But as "what can't be cured must be endured," let us console ourselves with the thought that it rages only for a couple of weeks in the year. Then comes peace once more. P. C. J., '02.

B. H. S. FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1901

ATHLETICS

EVER since the football season ended, congratulations have been pouring in for the Brookline High team and, as everybody else has had a turn, it is ours now.

The team certainly deserves all the glory it has won. Throughout the season the members played hard, clean football; no one has been seriously injured, and great credit should be given the coaches for the excellent condition of the men during the championship games. Another cause for rejoicing lies in the fact that the team played a hard and aggressive game, but at the same time played in a clean and gentlemanly manner, and not a single contest was marked by "scraps" between players. Though the team did not win the championship, it came within an ace of it, and proved that it was the equal, at least, of the team that did win. On the whole the team is to be congratulated for its excellent playing and its manly spirit, and this will doubtless do much towards advancing athletics at the High School.

The prospects for next year are bright. Most of this year's team and substitutes will return to school next fall, so a good team should be on the field. James Cook, of Class II., who has played such a fine game at tackle for the last two years, has been elected captain for 1902. Good luck to you and your team, Jim!

THE BASKET-BALL GAME

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL *VS.* RADCLIFFE

(AS VIEWED BY A SCORE-KEEPER)

ON the afternoon of December eighteenth the first basket-ball game of the season was played with the Radcliffe College team, in its gymnasium at Cambridge, the score being in Radcliffe's favor, 25 to 5.

When the game commenced the Radcliffe girls seemed to have everything their way, but our girls soon began to show what was in them, and before the end of the first half they had scored three points. In the second half they played still better, scoring two more points, although of course they could not outplay the experienced opposing team.

It was a great surprise to the girls to score at all, for they did not expect to make a point against the college team. What the team seems to need most is good team work. The different players do not pull together as much as is desirable, but this defect will be remedied with constant practice. The High School should be proud of its team and give it encouragement for the other games.

THE CONUNDRUM

A PASTEL IN PROSE

IT was a day in early April. Fleecy clouds flew across the sky, and in the country the birds were singing.

A cable car sped up Broadway. By a curious chance not a woman was in it, but every seat and most of the standing room was taken by men. It was a day in early April.

It was still a day in early April. The clouds still flew fleecily and the birds in the country still sang.

At Eighth street a woman entered the car. Not a man offered her his seat. The woman clung to the strap. The clouds hurried along and the birds stopped singing — in the country.

It was a day in early April, and at the car's end stood a well-dressed man who swayed to and fro more often than the car gave excuse for doing. The woman clung to the strap. The men clung to their seats. It was a day in early April and the clouds began to weep. The birds continued not to sing.

It was a day in early April. At Tenth street the young man who was swaying said: "Here's a conundrum. There's only one lady in thish car an' there isn't one gen'leman, an' yet the car'sh full. How d'yer make it out?"

It was a day in early April and every seat was empty. The young woman and the young man sat down. The fleecy clouds flew merrily across the sky and in the country the birds were singing merrily. It was a day in early April.

—[C. B. I., in The Criterion.

EDITORIALS

We sincerely hope that the school will follow out Mr. Sanford's suggestion as to supplementing last year's donation to the Hampton Institute by contributing a similar sum now, thus maintaining for another term a scholarship for a colored student.

Those who know the nature of the work which is being done at Hampton, and those who have heard the letters of Anthony Watson, thanking the students of the B. H. S. for their generous aid, will be only too glad to do their part in raising this fund.

This will be Mr. Watson's last year at the Institute. Thanks to the admirable efforts of the students of Brookline High, his course is all but complete. For several years past the necessary amount for the scholarship has been raised by donations among the members of the school. We hope that this year will prove no exception. The cost of a scholarship is seventy-five dollars. There are three hundred and sixty-four pupils in our school. Submit these statistics to the arithmetic class and you will find that your own personal contribution will be comparatively small.

It may interest a few to know that Booker T. Washington received his education at Hampton. A school that is able to develop such a man as this is certainly worthy of one's support.

Think over the matter carefully; consider thoroughly the merits of the cause which your donation will help along and then,—do your duty.

Last year Mr. Sanford inaugurated a new scheme in the school; that of having "public days" given by each one of the classes in turn. Very creditable and pleasant entertainments were accordingly presented by the I, II, and III classes. This year the same plan will be followed, and if possible with even better success. The Senior Class will start the ball a-rolling some time during the early part of February, and everywhere in the corridor you can see little groups discussing plans for the entertainment. One clever mem-

ber of Class I suggested that the whole school be given holidays on these days set apart for the public days of the respective classes. Although this plan would no doubt meet with the hearty approval of three hundred and sixty-four persons, still we fear that there may be a little group known as the School Board that will object.

Above the earth M. Santos-Dumont sails in his air-ship. Under the waters of the earth Mr. Holland gives house parties, resting his submarine boat snugly on the bed of the ocean for fifteen hours. On the earth the automobile has worried the mile record down under fifty-two seconds. The value of the submarine boat is still held by many to be improved, but the development of the air ship, along with the automobile, must be considered as nothing less than providential. If a practicable airship is not put within reach of the masses, the masses will have to stay within reach of the automobile; and in that event, the law of the survival of the fittest being unrepealed, there will be no masses. For not many of us can dodge at the rate of a mile in fifty-one seconds. An automobilist had the bad judgment not long ago to collide with a locomotive on the Long Island Railroad, but they rarely make such mistakes. They prefer the plain people as buffers, and, not content with the sparsely settled country districts, they come into the city for good hunting. As nothing but the air ship will remedy this evil, any improvement in its details should be eagerly welcomed, and when collisions between air ships have become frequent, it will be time enough for the lover of life to take up submarine boating.

—[Puck.]

"Hurrah!" Oh my, what a cinch! Harvard!! Rah!! Rah!! Rah!! Harvard!!" Hats rise in the air, and fall unheeded beneath their owners' feet; pretty girls frantically wave red banners, and cheer themselves hoarse; bald-headed, portly old gentlemen, wearing red ribbons, stand up on their seats and swing their hats madly. Then in the midst of the confusion rises the dear old song,

"Harvard, Fair Harvard," sung by five hundred Harvard men students as they excitedly march, or rather dance, their "zigzag" across the field. And who wouldn't go mad when Harvard had just beaten Yale by the score of twenty-two to nothing?

It was good to see many of the past members of the school wandering through the corridors during the week before Christmas. Girls from Smith and Radcliffe, boys from Williams, Yale, and Harvard returned to greet old friends at the B. H. S., and to receive a hearty welcome in their turn. Some of the older graduates, who are living far from the scenes of their youth, sent messages and remembrances. One of the teachers received a gift from a former pupil who is now in Manila. A graduate in the Middle West sent kind greetings to several of the teachers.

We are hearing a good deal just now about the "Harvard Spirit." Is it not possible that there is also a "B. H. S. Spirit." A spirit of loyalty and affection for the old school, which grows stronger as we grow older? Let us ponder how we can increase the amount and the power of this school spirit; for, after all and above all, we must remember that the "Spirit giveth life."

The Scribe who records the daily weather forecast on the blackboards in the hall, wishes it to be distinctly understood that she is not responsible for the truth of the statement; neither is she to be blamed for the bad weather nor praised for the good. She asks only that all who read will kindly supply at the end, these words of the old minstrel:—

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 't was said to me.

SLANG PHRASES WHICH ARE ANTIQUE

"HE'S a Brick."—This phrase, meaning a good fellow, has been traced to a king of Sparta, four centuries B. C. A visitor to Lacedæmonia, the Spartan capital, was surprised to find the city without walls, and asked the king what he would do in case of invasion. "Sparta has 50,000 soldiers," replied the king, "and each man is a brick!"

"To Give the Cold Shoulder."—It was once the custom in France, when a guest had outstayed his welcome, to serve him with a cold shoulder of mutton instead of a hot roast as a gentle hint for him to go.

"To Kick the Bucket."—This phrase dates back to the time of Queen Elizabeth. A shoemaker named Hawkins committed suicide by standing on a bucket placed on a table to raise himself to a convenient rafter. To kick the bucket was, of course, his last act on earth.

"Apple-Pie Order."—A certain Hepzibah Merton, in Puritan times, was in the habit of baking two or three dozen apple pies every Saturday, which were to last her family through the week. She placed them in her pantry, labeling one or more for each day in the week. The pantry thus arranged was said to be in apple-pie order.

"Deadhead."—In Pompeii people who gained admittance to an entertainment without paying admission were called "deadheads," because the checks used for admission were small ivory death's-heads.

NEWS NOTES

Mr. Brooks has already begun to tell the fourth class that sad tale about the seven sisters who "tombéd" in the *jardin*.

Things might be worse. Ruth Blodgett tells us that at Smith the daily French lesson covers thirty pages of translation. We hope, however, that this commendable custom may, for the time being, at least, be confined to Smith.

Never mind, Juniors! Even if you have to go shivering around to the side entrance this year, remember that you can walk proudly in at the front way when you are Seniors.

The Junior Class regrets the loss of another of its members. We hope that even in busy New York, Edwin Bynner will not entirely forget the B. H. S.

First Pupil: "Will you please lend me your knife?"
Second Pupil: "I have none, but I will lend you my shoulder-blade."

Miss Perrin, a member of the Junior Class, has been visiting a friend in Philadelphia. While there she met several of Dr. Roberts' former pupils.

Claude Holwill, '00, has left Harvard and is now making preparations for a trip to China, where he intends to accept a position in the custom house.

The money realized from the play amounted to $112.00.

Miss Lisa Kinsman, class of '01, has been put in charge of the Children's Room at the Public Library.

Efforts are being made to organize a school hockey team.

Mr. Brooks has requested the pupils to translate the French stories into good English. No wonder, when a member of II. A translated "*Mettre les pieds chez moi*,"—"put your feet in my house."

When Mr. Packard gave out a lesson of seven propositions in the second book of geometry, one of the pupils said that the members of the class would probably appear next day with circles under their eyes. Was n't it brilliant?

We have often been told not to respond immediately to the bell. Does this apply to the one at the beginning of the period or the one at the end?

Where were the Seniors, Juniors, and Freshmen in the prize competition?

"Sophomore" comes from the Greek, and means "a wise fool."

There was a good instance of what is called "translation English" in the III. A French class, when one brilliant scholar translated the words "*un évènement déplorable*," "a misfortunate event."

The Roman government once supplied the people with food. Why should not the Faculty do the same to the pupils who do not find the food of knowledge sufficient?

The word *Saturnalia* was recently translated "the beast of Satan" in a Latin class. A slight laugh was heard and the word was changed to "Saturn"—a decided improvement.

Miss H—t—ll:—"What is the adjective derived from 'biography?'"
Answer: "Biograph."

It would be a good idea to get up a petition to have the ink-wells in Room 11 filled.

Jacobs' red socks and the cats made star hits in the performance of "Mr. Bob."

Christmas vacation is over. Now we can look forward to the mid-year exams.

Vacation and vaccination come hand in hand this year.

It has been remarked that, in view of the size of the assessment now being levied, the Senior Class "looks like thirty cents."

The next meeting of the Debating Club will be held Wednesday, January 8. The subject for debate is: Resolved, That the United States Government own all railroads in its territory.

A loud report was heard in the gymnasium the other day, but, as one facetious person remarked, "it was merely Q—g—y throwing out his chest."

Hint to the girls: The boys in Room 10 like fudge very much.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

The Roman was a rogue,
  He erat, was, you bettum;
He ran his automobilis
  And smoked his cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus,
  An elegant cravattum,
A maxima cum laude shirt,
  And such a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-hæc-hock,
  And bet on games and equi;
At times he won; at others, though,
  He got it in the nequi;
He winked (quo usque tandem?)
  At puellas on the Forum,
And sometimes even made
  Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen
  At combats gladitorial,
And ate enough to feed
  Ten boarders at Memorial;
He often went on sprees
  And said, on starting homus,
"Hic labor — opus est,
  Oh, where's my — hic — hic — domus?"

Although he lived in Rome—
  Of all the arts the middle—
He was (excuse the phrase)
  A horrid individ'l;
Ah! what a diff'rent thing
  Was the homo (dative, hominy)
Of far-away B. C.
  From us of Anno Domini!

—[Harvard Lampoon.

LOCALS

We all appreciate the attempt our sopranos are making to reach their upper notes, but nevertheless there is great danger that some will get swamped in those high C's.

Rumor tells us that Mr. Hutchinson is seriously contemplating the advisability of furnishing stove-pipes for certain members of the mechanical drawing class, in order to make them draw better.

Wanted — A blacksmith to shoo flies in a candy store.

First Student — "Beastly weather we've been having, isn't it?"
Second Student — "Yes, — been raining cats and dogs all day."

Mr. Sanford was greatly surprised a few days ago to discover Snow bawling in the hall. I don't wonder. How undignified in a teacher!

The Boston youth instead of saying, "Go way back and sit down," gently murmurs, "Retire to the extreme rear of the edifice and place yourself in a sitting posture."

One of the boys, while walking down the corridor the other day ran a splinter into his shoe; then a bright senior remarked that "C—kins had the floor."

Naggs — "Think of how terrible it must be for the giraffe to have a sore throat."
Jaggs — "Yes, but how much worse it is for the centipede to have a corn on each toe."—[Ex.

Some one suggests that in order to make the name fit the man, one of our juniors change his to Will Freely Converse.

Teacher — (to fair one beginning Vergil) "Miss Jones, you may begin."
Miss Jones — "I sing of arms and the man — let me see — I sing of arms and the man"—
Teacher — "Well Miss Jones, what follows?"
Miss Jones — (with confidence) "Oh! An engagement I am sure."—[Ex.

Some people think it is getting slow in I. Geometry lately, as the fellows are taking naps regularly. However, this is not the Case.

It is conclusive evidence that football is an injurious game when it causes half the fellows who were on the team to have "B's" in their bonnets.

Little Willie dressed up in his sashes,
Fell into the fire and was burned to ashes,
And now although the room grows chilly
I haven't the heart to poke poor Willie.

—[Ex.

Abstracted schoolmaster — "I have been seriously thinking of punishing you, Timson, as you have invariably been behind before; but you have arrived earlier of late, and this morning, for wonder, at last you are first."—[Ex.

There was a young man from the West
Who pressed a young girl with much zest.
So hard did he press her
To answer him yes, sir,
That he broke a cigar in his vest.

—[Ex.

Thompson, LeMoyne and Floyd made the All-Preparatory football team. Quite a good showing for Brookline.

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CONTENTS

A Trip Up Mount Lowe . . 101
Andrew Sidney 103
Mid-Years 104
The Dog 105
Arbitrary English Language 106
Athletics 107
Editorials 110
A Trip Through the Desert . 111
News Notes 113
"Cape Codders" 114
Ben Lord 115
My Visit to Crow's Nest . . 115
Locals 117

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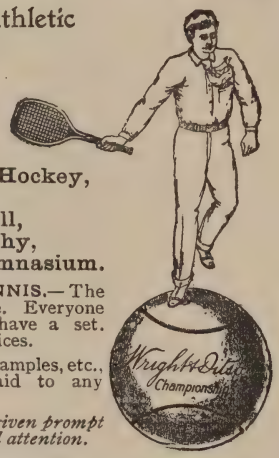

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 8 FEBRUARY, 1902 NUMBER 4

A TRIP UP MOUNT LOWE

ONE September morning this autumn found us on our way up Mt. Lowe, to enjoy what is called the "Alpine Trip of America." We left Los Angeles, the metropolis of southern California, at nine o'clock, and were much surprised to find the morning dark and foggy, for we (as all other Easterners) thought California was a land of perpetual sunshine.

Nevertheless, nothing daunted by the mist, we took the electric car and started on our way, which lay through the lovely San Gabriel valley — a valley which under the Spanish rule was the home of many old Castilian families; and the scene of many picturesque incidents. Our first stop was at Pasadena, rightly called "crown of the valley," an ideal suburb of Los Angeles, and the home of many wealthy Eastern people, who under "their own vine and fig-tree" enjoy rural life.

Still on the cars, we whirled to Altadena, the mist hiding the otherwise beautiful mountain scenery. Here we changed cars, and thanks to the fog, the seats were all soaking wet, which was particularly annoying. The cars being open, gave easy access to the rain-like fog, which came pelting in upon us from all sides, considerably dampening (I must admit) my youthful ardor for mountain trips.

At last, much to everybody's great relief, we arrived at Rubio Canyon, a wild and beautiful mountain gorge at the foot of Echo Mountain. A great scramble then ensued to obtain the best places (namely, those under the covered awning) in the white

chariot-like car which was to take us up the steep cable incline. Happily for me, I was one of the fortunates, and I had the great pleasure (?) of standing in the midst of a crowded mass of people, and having little raindrops trickle down upon me on every side, from the wet awning above. I had brought my camera, but strange to say I took no pictures. The incline was almost perpendicular and as we went up, up, up, in the little white chariot, I was in great terror lest the cable should break at any moment, and I might join the angels. (There are two kinds.) But happily the fates were propitious, so we went safely on. We could see nothing with the dense, misty fog all about us, and it seemed just as if we were up in the clouds. At last, after what seemed a century to me, we arrived at the top, and stepped out upon Echo Mountain.

From there on we took an observation car to "Ye Alpine Tavern," five thousand feet above the sea level, and just under the summit of Mt. Lowe. It is a pretty, picturesque little tavern, modeled after the Swiss style of architecture, and situated in a forest of pine and oaks. It reminded me very much of the mountain châlets in Switzerland. However, it is no easy task to reach this unique place. The observation car winds in and out, along the mountain side, now on the very edge of precipices, now speeding round sharp corners, and whirling round horseshoe curves, and over circular bridges. At times, it seemed as if we would be pitched headlong down the side of some rocky precipice, for we went so exceedingly fast, and while speeding round curves it seemed almost impossible that the little car could remain on the track. Finally with a sigh of relief we alighted at the inn, rather the worse for fog.

The sitting room of the Alpine Tavern is large and commodious, and we felt very grateful for the warmth of the cheery fire. The fireplace particularly struck me, being a large, old-fashioned one, and after refreshing the inner man we began our downward trip.

The descent was practically the same, except that the fog began to lift as we went down the incline, showing glimpses of the valley below, and the blue waters of the Pacific in the distance. In conclusion, I can only hope that any members of the Brookline High

School coming to southern California will not miss taking this delightful trip.

ELISE B. CUNNINGHAM,
Watsonville, Cal.

Former scholar of the "B. H. S." Class of '03.

ANDREW SIDNEY

ANDREW SIDNEY is a village by-word in a little town down on the Cape. It is whispered about that he is "not quite right in his upper story." Indeed this theory seems very plausible when you have seen him.

In the first place his appearance is quite unusual. His frame is heavy and massive, quite above the ordinary man, and his long-waisted body denotes wonderful strength. He wears a great white beard that falls down on his chest and gives him a venerable and sometimes terrifying appearance. In the summer weather he is wont to wear an old straw hat without a crown, and go barefoot for coolness sake.

Andrew is odd and enjoys it. He considers it a part of his daily existence to differ from his neighbors. The townspeople are all good old-fashioned, narrow-minded Congregationalists, who believe implicitly in Noah and his Ark; therefore Sidney poses as an atheist and reads to all his callers portions of a pamphlet showing the impossibility of providing sufficient food for the animals who were in the Ark.

He is a man of unusual general knowledge, for a person of those parts, simply because all around him care nothing for study. He considers himself a great inventor and runs his farm in a unique, but unprofitable manner. He has been chairman of the school committee, and ruled the other members of that board with an iron hand. He has been reasoned with on the subject of religion by the minister and deacons, and on each occasion fairly routed those authorities in argument.

In his younger days this affinity to oddity was developed to a marked degree. He refused to do any work and locked himself up in his own room during the day, and stole out the window at night to race over the fields at will, fleeing from every human being that he met. In those days he wore his hair long and went about barefoot most of the time. He was said to be the strongest man in the county, and could jump any fence for miles around without touching a hand to it, and, indeed, even now at eighty years old, I hardly think that one could find a more powerful man than he on the Cape.

He was often called upon to keep order in camp-meetings or at elections, and many tales are told of his flinging men bodily right and left over the heads of a disorderly crowd.

Underneath all this hard exterior lies a veil of tenderness, for this strange old man loves Tennyson and will sit and read him by the hour to the oblivion of everything else.

Sidney never married; perhaps (like Sir Roger) he had been crossed in love, and that may be the cause of all his crookedness. He certainly viewed life "through a glass darkly."

This is Andrew Sidney, a man of remarkable intellectual powers, but so warped and embittered by the narrow surroundings in which he has lived, as to lose all the best and noblest in life, and continue his life in petty attempts to cross other people's desires and habits.

H. T. F., '02.

MID-YEARS

JANUARY thirtieth and thirty-first do not stand out on the calendar as days of special importance to mankind in general, but to my mind it seems as if they ought to be printed in red, and regarded by all as the gloomiest days of the year. Happy is the day laborer, father of ten children, happy the street-car motorman subject to all kinds of weather, happy the organ-grinder, tormented by his mischievous monkey, in comparison with the poor school-

boys and girls on these two dreadful days in an otherwise happy year.

There is a saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, but if there is any one on this great earth who is benefited in the slightest degree by these periods of torture, I should be delighted to see him. The teachers dread making out the questions (not but that I would willingly change places with any one of them at this time), and the pupils dread answering them. During the week preceding the examinations, there takes place a most vigorous cramming on the part of most of the condemned. To be sure, there are a few lucky mortals who need no preparation, and have no fear of the many questions. There are also some who trust to luck that they will be asked something that they know, but the others — the nervous ones, the stupid ones, the conscientious ones— these unhappy beings are in mortal terror. Lights are seen in their dwellings until the early hours. They cram their poor heads so full of geometry propositions, French verbs, Latin constructions, and German translations that they know nothing, and their brains are so muddled that they do not know "avoir" from "haben." The terrible days come and go. February arrives and the victims are alive to tell the tale. Each youth feels ten years younger. Then the question arises, "What is the good of all this worry, excitement, and loss of sleep?" The answer is just this, "Though hard the lesson, we have learned how blessed is peace."

M. G., '03.

THE DOG

HE is a white Boston terrier, generally known as "The Cur," although he has a very good pedigree, which I will omit because I do not know it. When I take him out to walk, a task which I am sorry to say falls frequently to my lot, people come up to me, tell me what a beautiful dog he is, and ask me if he is mine. That is the trouble. If he belonged to me I wouldn't mind when he tears my clothes, bites my heels, and chews up the furniture. I should be only too happy when he jumps upon my bed, in the

middle of the night and wants to get inside; and I should be charmed when he gets into fights and I have to pull him out, but he belongs to my sister. She gets all the pleasure out of the beast, and I have to act as nurse-maid to His Royal Highness.

There was a time when I thought that his tyranny over me had ended. His affectionate mistress had taken off his collar and let him go out with another nice little dog of the same kind, and soon after went out driving. I was very much surprised not to hear his sweet voice at the door howling for admittance, and in about an hour I went to look for him, but the bane of my existence was nowhere to be found. I had done my duty in respect to him, so I went in the house again and forgot all about him. As it grew later in the day I remembered his existence and looked again without success. His collar was where it had been left, and my heart was filled with joy when I recollected that no one would recognize him without it. I was building castles in the air, based on the beast's disappearance, concerning the happy state of my future life without my tormentor, when my bright visions were destroyed by a yelp at the door. The prodigal had returned! I am still under his tyrannical rule, and I am worn to a shadow, although he has only been a member of the family for four months. What shall I look like if he lives ten years, as he may do?

ARBITARY ENGLISH LANGUAGE

If the plural of man is always called men
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot would a pair be called beet?
If the singular is this, and the plural these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese?
The one may be that, and three may be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose;
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother we never say methren;
The masculine pronouns are he, his, and him.
But imagine the female she, shis, and shim;
So English I think you all will agree
Is the craziest language you ever did see.—[Ex.

ATHLETICS

THE basket ball game between Brookline and Dean Academy in the Girls' Gymnasium, Brookline High, Wednesday, February 5th, 1902, was played with great skill and life, and resulted in a score of 24 to 2 in favor of Brookline.

The seven girls from Dean made their appearance at 3 o'clock, and after the preliminary rules had been arranged and the time of fifteen minutes for each half settled on, the game began at 3.30, with Miss Lewis as referee.

The Dean girls made a plucky fight and showed great quickness, but they did not play together.

Our girls took the lead from the very start and showed the great advantage of the coaching of Miss Lewis. Their skill and alertness was excellent, and we have all reasons to be proud of the game which our girls put up.

Brookline's line-up was as follows: Homes, Florence Morse, Frances Barndollar; Centre Guards, Bonnibelle Beard, Helen Bush; Centre, Elizabeth Leland; Defenders, Frances Manning, Carolyn Parker.

HARTVIG NISSEN.

BROOKLINE *vs.* HOPKINSON.

The first league hockey game was played Jan. 10 on Jamaica Pond, in which the B. H. S. team beat Hoppy 3 to 1.

There was no scoring in the first half. In the early part of the second, Davis scored a goal for Hopkinson. Later Barndollar got the block, and sent it through for a goal for Brookline, tying the score. During the last minutes of play Townsend secured two more goals for Brookline.

BROOKLINE HIGH.	HOPKINSON.
Townsend, f.	f., Bailey
Barndollar, f.	f., Hammond
Shine, f.	f., Davis
Brett, f.	f., Colley
Morrison (Heintzemann), c. p.	c. p., Barnes
Converse (Iverson), p.	p., Maloon
Farley, g.	g., Merrill

Score—Brookline High 3, Hopkinson 1. Goals—Davis, Barndollar, Townsend 2. Referee—H. Parker. Time—20-minute halves.

Brookline *vs.* Boston Latin School.

On January 17, Brookline defeated Boston Latin School by a score of 2 to 1 in a very close and exciting game of hockey at Jamaica Pond. It was Brookline's second league game and from the very start was full of snap and brilliant playing. Brookline scored both her goals in the first half of the game. Captain Townsend and Shine were the stars for Brookline. Loring scored the only goal for the Latin School.

BROOKLINE.	BOSTON LATIN.
Townsend, f.	f., Westfall
Shine, f.	f., Galvin
Barndollar, f.	f., Gilbert
Brett, f.	f., Loring
Morrison (Iverson), c.p.	c. p., Somes
Converse, p.	p., Armstrong
Farley, g.	g., Gibson

Score — Townsend, Brett and Loring, goals.

Brookline *vs.* Newton High.

On Friday, Jan. 31st, The Mid-Year Exams were brought to a most satisfactory end by Brookline's most decisive victory over Newton High at Crystal Lake. Both teams were tied for first place and consequently the game was one of the liveliest played so far this year. Newton was the first to score and at the close of the first half the score stood 1 to 0 in Newton's favor. Again Newton scored and Brookline's chances of winning the game seemed very poor indeed. At almost the last moment, with only six minutes to play, Captain Townsend scored a goal. This seemed to encourage the whole team and three more goals were made before the second half closed. Townsend and Shine were the only ones who were fortunate enough to score goals for Brookline.

BROOKLINE.	NEWTON HIGH.
Townsend, f.	f., Leonard
Shine, f.	f., Hurley
Barndollar, f.	f., Plimpton
Brett, f.	f., Pierce
Morrison, f.	
Heintzemann, f.	
Quigley, c. p.	c. p., Henderson
Iverson, c. p.	
Farley, p.	p., Merchant
Converse, g.	g., Stephenson

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EDITORIALS

Edwin E. Pritchett has resigned his position as Editor-in-Chief of this paper on account of too much press of work, and Henry A. Hirshberg has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

February already! Five months have rolled away since the opening of school; the foot-ball season, the play, the Senior Public Day, and the Mid-Years are all things of the past, and here we are with five months more of grind, of recitations and of exams before us! It is not a pleasant thought, but these days too will soon pass, and only the memory of their pleasant hours remain.

The entire school feels with Mr. Sanford in his sad bereavement, and takes this opportunity of extending to him its deepest sympathy.

On Wednesday, January the twenty-ninth, the Senior Class gave a most entertaining Public Day in Shailer Hall. The programme consisted of recitations by Misses Ordway, Manning, Laubham and Stranahan, a song by Miss Long, a debate on the subject "*Resolved*, That $4,000 additional be appropriated for the complete restoration of the Edward Devotion House," fencing by six of the boys, and a class prophecy by Sidney Burr and Helen Fillebrown. The judges of the Debate, Mr. Nash '92, Mr. Wellman '90, and Mr. Spencer '95, decided that Messrs. Christensen and Shelton of the Negative had the better of Messrs. Lacy and Hirshberg of the Affirmative.

On Friday, February 7th, several classes of the school were given a genuine treat by the visit of Professor Dolbeare of Tufts College, who, as is well known, was the first man to invent the Bell telephone and to conceive the idea of wireless telegraphy. To the Senior Class he described the apparatus of the wireless telegraph, and remarked that with it pupils of the school would be able to communicate without Mr. Sanford's knowing anything about it. Many other witty sayings enlivened his talk and made it most interesting. Mr. Brooks tells us that Professor Dolbeare is

responsible for many of the jokes with which the French classes in the building are entertained. Let us hope that this distinguished scientist will visit us often, for he will be sure to meet with a hearty welcome whenever he favors us with his presence.

A TRIP THROUGH THE DESERT

A PARTY of us fellows who were on a two weeks' camping trip through lower California, were approaching a lagoon several miles back from the Hardy Colorado River, when we were surprised to hear a large number of voices in a clump of greasewood and mesquite at our right. We were rather startled, as the voices were raised in a weird kind of song and there were sounds of strange instruments. About thirty Indians had ridden past us in twos and threes, at a distance of several hundred yards, in the course of the afternoon; so we began to have suspicions that trouble was brewing for us.

Just then the man who was packing our food and sleeping bags through from the river up to Yuma, seventy miles away, rejoined us with the wagon. He was an outlaw, judging from what I have since learned, but I doubt if he will ever be troubled by government officials, as he then was in consumption, had one lung broken by a mule's kick, and a bullet located in his right leg. He told us that the Cocopa Indians always kept up this ceremony from sunset to sunrise on the night preceding the morning that they were going to bury any one.

After a dinner composed of venison, duck, snipe, doves, tortillas and coffee, we went over to the Indian village. The outlaw could talk Cocopa as well as any of the Indians, and probably made fewer (he couldn't have made more) grammatical mistakes than when speaking English; although I doubt if he swore so remark-

ably fluently in their language as he did in both English and Spanish. He learned from them that on the previous night one of the women had been killed when her little hut had burned down upon her. All the Indians within twenty-five miles had assembled and were chanting her praises. The Indians were huddled around two or three fires, as the temperature had gone down from about one hundred degrees in the middle of the day to thirty-five degrees, which frequently happens on the desert. It looked very grotesque to see strangely dressed men, women, and children passing in and out of the darkness which enveloped most of the settlement. I think our presence caused more excitement in the village than the funeral service, as probably not more than a dozen white men were ever there before.

As soon as we returned to camp we spread out our sleeping bags and crept into them. The last sound that I was conscious of as I went to sleep was the strange music of the Indians.

As soon as the first grayish light of approaching dawn was visible, I was awakened by whir-r-r-r-r, whir-r-r-r-r, and right around me was a sound similar to that made by a strong wind in a narrow gorge. I could just barely discern hundreds of ducks rapidly flying down the narrow lagoon which was not more than thirty feet from where I lay. One of the men called out for every one to get up if he wanted to see an unusual sight. Instantly shot-guns were grabbed and the shooting began, but this did not prevent the ducks from still passing by the hundreds, only at a greater elevation, on their way to the Gulf of California.

So much noise brought the Indians around us, and we told them that they could have all the ducks that we had shot, which greatly pleased them, as they had no fire-arms with them with which to kill the ducks. The birds were floating on the lagoon, so the Indians had to get into the bitter cold, slimy water to reach them, as they had neither boats nor canoes, and we had left our boats down the river fifteen miles away.

By seven o'clock we had our things in the wagon, our canteens filled with water out of that greenish looking lagoon, and had started on another day's walk toward Yuma. W. A. H.

NEWS NOTES

Wasn't the Public Day great?

The class of '98 held its annual class dinner at Young's Hotel, Dec. 29, 1901.

In the picture of the Brookline Swimming Club, published in The Chronicle, appear the cheerful likenesses of Harry LeMoyne, '03, and "Al" McCormick, '04.

Heard in the English Class:—
"Well, I simply can't express myself."
"Then you'll have to go by freight."

One of the teachers of mathematics attempted to convince his pupils that twelve divided by three was four and one-third, but he was finally compelled to acknowledge his error.

We were all very glad to see Delia Dexter back at school again after her long illness.

Any Junior who has talent in some particular line will please notify the Committee for Public Day.

Miss Cunningham, formerly of the Junior Class, is now in California.

The Juniors were delighted to see, written on the board in Room 7, a notice to the effect that they were to be dismissed at 11.30. It was, however, only a joke, and the person who is responsible for it is requested not to raise any more false hopes.

Charles Floyd has just returned to school after an absence of several weeks caused by the illness of his brother.

Mr. P——d talked about "shasting cadows" in the I. Physics recitation the other day, and it was a long time before the class could catch his meaning.

On Friday, January the twenty-fourth, the school was given a most interesting stereopticon lecture on trees by Mr. Bowditch, whose efforts in the interest of all forms of plant life are doing so much good in this town.

The members of the Senior and Junior classes are now allowed to spend their recesses upstairs, where they may diligently prepare for the last two recitations.

We think that it would be a good idea for the School Committee to set apart one day out of every three weeks to be devoted to the destruction of the brown tail moth pest.

The Dedham people really were very rude not to let their visitors have one more point.

The III. Class is very sorry that Miss Beulah Atkins has left Brookline and has gone to Wellesley.

Harry LeMoyne has left the school and is going to Stone's. We are very sorry to lose "Lemmy," for he was one of the best all-round athletes the school has ever produced.

The next meeting of the Debating Club will be held Wednesday, February the fifth. An interesting evening is promised. The subject for debate is: "*Resolved*, That Brookline have High License."

One of the boys had the following marks on his report card for the first quarter: LL.D.; D.D. Although these titles are highly desired by men of distinction, still I would not urge any one to emulate this brilliant student's example.

Mr. Packard — "What is a mirror?"

Pupil — "A mirror is an instrument for reflection."

Mr. Packard — "No. The mind is an instrument for reflection."

"CAPE CODDERS"

OF all the queer people, those living on Cape Cod are about the queerest in the country. Among the summer residents they are known sometimes as "Cape Codders," or more often simply as the "natives."

There are good reasons for their peculiarities. Cape Cod itself is a low, fairly level sandbar, where not much rain falls; farming is therefore quite impossible, but a large crop of "summer boarders" is raised every year. In fact, it is the most unagricultural country that one could imagine; automobiles, belonging to the cottagers, are much more plentiful than cows or chickens, and the horses are as poor as the soil.

It is quite easy to see that the "Cape Codders," with so little to do besides fishing and sailing, are very lazy. They have lived there, apart from the rest of the world, following the sea, for so long — all sailor folk are odd — that they have become almost a separate people, and are vastly different from the rest of mankind.

Many of the natives run stores to supply their summer visitors. They manage these stores with Cape Cod shiftlessness, and take more pride in keeping them well-stocked, and what they think is up-to-date, than they do in selling their goods. Nevertheless, they are shrewd enough to charge city prices for country goods, though their unprogressiveness sometimes brings them out the small end of the horn; one man claimed that he paid a wholesale price for tennis balls, which was found to be larger than the retail price in Boston. This same man was asked if he kept golf bags. "Waal," he drawled, "we did have half a dozen or so in the spring, but they sold so fast we didn't think it worth while keepin' 'em in stock."

J. B., '02.

BEN LORD

AN old man about eighty, in a faded, ragged coat and a derby hat once black, but now a rusty, dusty green; on his feet clumsy shoes made by cutting off the tops of rubber boots. A stout, crooked stick, his constant companion, helped him keep up a brisk walk in spite of his limp. In his left hand was a bunch of papers and pamphlets on Prohibition, Socialism, and the harmfulness of tea and coffee. A kindly face, with twinkling blue eyes, surrounded by silvery hair, took away all fear of him, in spite of the fact that the villagers called him crazy. Such was "Ben" Lord, the village crank and character of Dunbarton. H. F. C., '03.

MY VISIT TO CROW'S NEST

ONE morning we were pleased to receive an invitation to visit Crow's Nest, which is situated at the head of Buzzard's Bay, and is the home of Joseph Jefferson.

The approach to the residence of this celebrated actor is through a pine grove, so that the house, which is of stone, and very peculiar

in its style of architecture, is hidden from the outside world. One of the things which first attracted my eye was the array of seltzer bottles which topped all the chimneys. A very pretty feature of the place is an old Dutch windmill, in which Mr. Jefferson has his studio and spends much of his time in painting. The interior of the house is furnished very elegantly, and on the walls may be seen the most exquisite oil paintings, many of which are Mr. Jefferson's own work.

This distinguished personage, who is now in the eighties, is most democratic in his manner, always having a pleasant smile and kind word for every one that he meets. He thoroughly enjoys himself in his summer home, and caring more for sports than driving, may often be seen with Mr. Cleveland fishing in the bay.

One is attracted by the personal appearance of Mr. Jefferson. He is a man of medium height, with a smooth face, and time has whitened his locks and has left deep wrinkles on his face. His dress is always the latest, except when yachting, when he is in wholly negligé costume. As a conversationalist he is most charming, and it is interesting to note his little Irish accent. He told a story of how he disliked to speak in public, which really seemed very funny to me, and ran as follows: He together with a fellow actor were to dissolve partnership, and on their last appearance together, they expected to be called before the curtain to make a speech. Both men carefully prepared a short speech for the occasion, but were so terrified at the thought of having to say a few words that they did not act their parts as well as usual. At the end of the play, the so much anticipated applause was not heard, and the two actors were greatly disappointed, and stood behind the curtain hugging each other. Mr. Jefferson said that since then he never prepared any speeches, for it was a bitter disappointment to him not to be called out that night.

Yes, we had a very pleasant half-hour with Mr. Jefferson, and I shall never forget the kindness which he showed in desiring us to see everything at Crow's Nest. H. B. F., '02.

LOCALS

The Hayes was so dense in Room 10 a few days ago, that explanations failed to make themselves clear.

A New York man says he caught the hay fever by kissing a grass widow; but he was in clover at the time.—[Ex.

Lawyer—"You say you were in the saloon at the time of the assault referred to in the complaint?"
Witness—"I was, sir."
Lawyer—"Did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?"
Witness—"I don't know what he called it, but I took what the rest did."—[Boston Courier.

Look out, Girls! Don't let the Webb in Room 10 entangle you.

Mrs. Sourwed—"I was thinking of our courtship—those blissful days!"
Mr. Sourwed—"So was I—that blissful daze!"—[Puck.

Not only was the fencing at the Senior Public Day quite a lengthly affair, (especially Calkins and Morrison) but in addition there was a Long song.

Tommy—"There's a girl at our school, mamma, they call 'Postscript.' Do you know why?"
Mamma—"No dear."
Tommy—"Because her name is Adeline Moore."—[Ex.

Mr. Cook, reading from board, in lecture room—"Find the principal focus. Hello, is that thing lost again?"

In the Senior Prophecy it was predicted that Harry Walsh would become a second Tod Sloan. We trust that he hasn't been practicing with "trots."

The Public Day debaters are to be commended, considering the Devotion they showed to their subject.

Man is like a nail. Either one when crooked has been driven to it by a woman.—[Ex.

Thursday evening, February the sixth, Brookline sprung a great surprise on Volkman by defeating her 42 to 14 in Volkman's own gymnasium. It was Brookline's first game and the team has certainly begun well. The goal throwing of Quigley, and the team work of Smith, Barndollar and Floyd of Brookline, and the all-round good work of Hull of Volkman, were the features.

Brookline: lf., Quigley; rf., Barndollar; c., Heilborn; lb., Smith; rb., Floyd.
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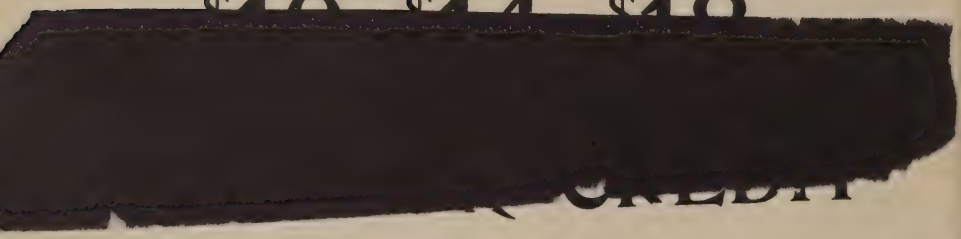

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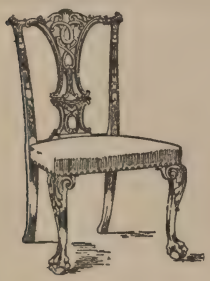

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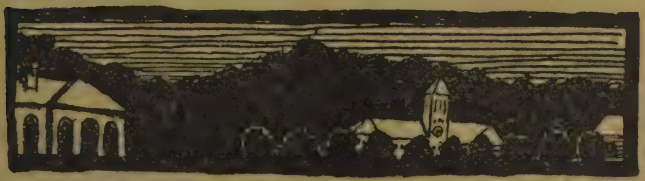

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VOLUME 8 NUMBER 5

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THE SAGAMORE

CONTENTS

The Junior Public Day 127
An Interesting Meeting 129
Christmas Eve 130
A Thrilling Adventure 131
Athletics 134
Editorials 138
The Modern Solomon 140
News Notes 141
Conductor "Bill" Grant 143
That Sleigh Ride 145
Locals 147

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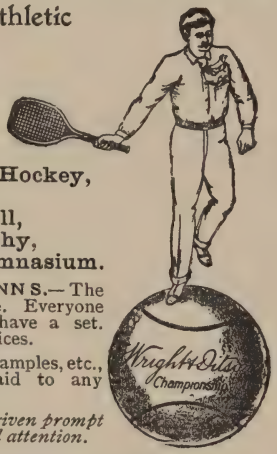

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

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THE JUNIOR PUBLIC DAY

Last Friday we enjoyed a treat,
At least 't was so intended,
Each mighty Junior did his stunt,
Then from the stage descended.

The first thing on the bill of fare
Was a chorus by the boys;
They all looked well from head to feet,
But oh my! what a noise!

Then some one spouted forth a speech,
By Washington they said;
But if he wrote such stupid stuff
I'm mighty glad he's dead.

And then the awkward President
Upon his feet did get,
And told about the rubber things
That keep one from the wet.

And then upon a frying-pan
A solo sweet was played;
If you had heard it you'd have said
"Apollo's in the shade."

Then in five languages at once
A worthy Junior spoke.
But I dare say that few of us
Could understand the joke.

German, Latin, Greek, and French,
And English, too, he talked.
I do not think that even at
Chinese he would have balked.

And then a song was wafted up
To those in "Nigger-heaven."
So faint was it that those up there
Were sure it needed leaven.

The next thing on the programme
Was a boy who banged the box.
He resembled Paderewski,
Except his brilliant locks.

And then the giant athletes
Came on the stage to show
The things they knew; but all they showed
Was what they didn't know.

"As Man to Man" came next,
And I'm sure you'll all agree,
That this part of the vaudeville
Needs no comment from me.

And then the girls of nineteen three
As winsome Japs all dressed,
Waved their bright fans and something else
Toward those they liked the best.

They all looked very sweet indeed,
And might have all been found
As chorus girls down at the Park,
In gay "Morocco bound."

We certainly enjoyed the show,
And now we want some more;
Therefore we're waiting eagerly
For naughty naughty-four.

—[L. F. G.

AN INTERESTING MEETING

THE last Sagamore meeting was called to order promptly at 1.35. There were present the three members of the Advisory Board, the most talented Business Manager, the learned and erudite Senior Editors who could spare time from their studies, the less wise Juniors, and their poor inexperienced Sophomore Associates. At first there was some confusion, but the bulky and commanding figure of the Editor-in-chief soon restrained the unruly advisors from their disorderly conduct.

First the Business Manager began to give his report as follows: "Cash on hand, $0.43; cash due from advertisements, $0.30; total, $0.73; debt for printing last number, $87.36; due business manager for car-fare and also other things, $12.34; total, $99.70. Total deficit, $98.97."

"You see," he continued, "that 's a pretty good showing, though it would be better if one of our advertisers, a clothing man, had not withdrawn his ad."

"What 's the matter, Christy," came a voice from the other side of the room, "did n't you get that suit there you were talking about?"

"The gentleman will come to order," loudly commanded the presiding officer, "and the Exchange Editors will please cease throwing peanuts at each other."

When quiet had been restored, a thrilling story was read, called "The Reign of the Guillotine." "A very cutting affair," sadly murmured Mr. Brooks. [The board groaned; the Local Editor busily jotted the joke down in his note-book.] Finally it was decided that the guillotine should continue its vile and deadly work in some distantly future number of THE SAGAMORE. Meanwhile the Sophomores looked sheepishly on; for their undeveloped minds could not quite understand the full meaning of the proceedings.

As there was a dearth of new material for the next issue, the Editor-in-chief decided to open the Contribution Box, to see if, perchance, some gems of literary thought had found their way into

its mysterious interior. "We have here," he said, taking out the objects and holding them up to the view of the board, one by one, "two shoe-strings, a brass collar-button, a Chardenal's Exercise No. 12, marked 'Rewrite' in large and terrible characters, and, ah! a story entitled 'Forty Buckets of Blood; or, The Washerwoman's Revenge.' Please prepare yourselves for the worst."

After the weird, wild tale had been read, the members of the board were called upon for their opinions. All but two had risen, and had given adverse criticisms. Of the remaining boys, one had never been known to say a word at the meetings; the other's face was covered with a suspicious looking tinge of red. There was a moment of embarrassing silence. Then the presiding officer said: "This meeting is adjourned." H.

CHRISTMAS EVE

IT was a dreary night. The wind howled mournfully about the house and drove the snow against the windows. Within, all was comfort and luxury. The room was lighted by several shaded lamps and a warm fire blazed in the grate. In a large comfortable armchair before the fireplace sat an elderly lady of a proud and stately appearance. As she gazed at the darting flames, her thoughts flew back many years to another Christmas Eve quite different from the present one. A little stocking seemed to hang again by the mantelpiece and she heard a child's voice and saw a child's brown eyes as he looked eagerly up into her face. The little form was dimmed by the tears that filled the mother's eyes, and instead there rose up the figure of a lad of fifteen. It was Christmas Eve again, and the boy sat on the rug at her feet talking in a low tone of voice. He told her of his hopes for the future, how he intended to become a great lawyer and to gain renown and praise, and how he hoped to reward her for her care and love. She looked proudly down at him and stroked the curls with a gentle touch. The picture vanished and another came before her memory.

It was a stormy night six years later. She saw her son, a man of twenty-one, standing before her, his head thrown back, his eyes flashing. Again she felt the anger within her breast and saw it reflected in the eyes of her son. Could it be her voice that spoke in those cold, proud tones and commanded him, her boy, to do as she desired, or to leave her house forever? The door closed behind him and when she had realized that he had gone never to return, she had rushed wildly to the door. She felt, as if in reality, the cold blast strike her in the face, and heard the sound of the wind as it answered her frantic call. That was all. In the seven years that had passed since then, neither had relented. The pride of the mother was reflected in the son. She knew not whether he was alive or dead, and the world supposed that she did not care. The world could not know of the sorrow and remorse that filled her heart. The world did not see the tears that fell on a little stocking that she took tenderly from a drawer and hung by the fireside. Buried in thought, she had not heard the step in the hall nor the door as it opened and closed again. "Mother!" She turned as if in a dream and saw him standing before her with outstretched arms, his eyes dim with tears. With a cry of joy she fell forward and rested motionless in his arms. Somewhere out in the storm, there rose a sweet, child-like voice, singing, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth Peace and Good-will toward Men."

M. G., '03.

[Editor's Note:—This may seem rather late in the year for a Christmas story, but we feel that our readers will pardon our tardiness in publishing this tale, when they learn that we have just received it.]

A THRILLING ADVENTURE

[With humble apologies to Baron Münchausen.]

IT was on a cold day in December, 16—, that two young men, Philip and Harry Drexel by name, set out from their place of occupation in order to spend Christmas at their father's home,

situated in a little village about ten miles distant. The road lay through barren country, covered here and there by thick pine woods. Although ten miles may seem but a short distance now, in those days, when there were not even roads for stage-coaching, it was quite a journey.

There was a blanket of snow about three inches deep on the ground and the sky was partly covered by dark masses of cloud. However, our young friends did not mind this, and started off, each armed with a gun and a scanty supply of bullets.

After having accomplished three miles of their walk, Phil remarked that the sky was completely overcast, and just as he spoke a snow-flake alighted on his arm. Gradually the snow increased until the boys could not see more than one hundred yards ahead of them. Still they trudged on as the snow fell thicker and thicker, until it began to grow dark; and still there were three or four miles farther to go.

"I do n't believe that we shall reach home until after dark," said Phil.

"I'm afraid not. This snow is ——— but, hark! What's that?"

This sudden ejaculation was caused by a remote sound, somewhat resembling the barking of dogs. It was without doubt approaching the boys at a rapid pace.

"Wolves!" both exclaimed in the same breath.

The spot where the brothers now stood was practically open, there being only two trees within fifty yards. To these Phil and Harry ran as they had never run before. It was a matter of only a few moments to be well up out of danger. They were none too soon. The wolves were already snarling fiercely beneath the lower limbs. Fortunately the boys had not left their guns behind, but there was very little shot. There were some thirty beasts in the pack, and, whenever one of them offered a fair mark it was pretty sure to fall. The dead wolves were always devoured in a few seconds by their surviving comrades.

Thus time went on until it was dark and there were only three wolves left. But there was no more ammunition. What should be done? The boys could not remain in their trees all night, for they

would freeze to death. Moreover, the first one to come down would surely fall a victim to the three remaining wolves.

At last Phil decided to take his chances and descend. He shouted his intention to Harry, and then began to climb slowly down, while the wolves glared up at him with fiery eyes. When he had reached the lowest limb, which was about fifteen feet from the ground, he paused to consider the next best thing to do. The wolves could jump upwards about six or seven feet. Therefore Phil could not reach them by sitting on the branch, and if he should slide down the wolves would seize him, for he would have no arm free with which he might strike. There was but one thing to do, and he did it. Sitting on the branch, he swung backwards so that he hung by his knees. Then, holding his gun by the muzzle, he struck with the butt the first wolf that made a spring, and killed it immediately. The other two instantly fell to eating it. Taking this opportunity, Phil slid down the tree and killed another, which was too busy in its meal to notice him. Finally, having knocked the third and last on the head, he joined Harry, who had just reached the ground.

The snow was now at least a foot deep, a fact which caused walking to be extremely tedious. Besides, it was still snowing and so dark was it that the brothers could scarcely see each other. After having proceeded about half a mile, they came to the conclusion that they had lost their way. But while they were standing still, deliberating as to which direction should be taken, a light appeared through the darkness. The boys gladly welcomed it, and soon learned that some of their old friends had come out to meet them. After the general greetings were over, the little company turned back towards the village, while the young wanderers related their strange adventure.

F. H. L., '03.

ATHLETICS

HOCKEY.

MOST unfortunately Brookline was defeated in her last league hockey game by Cambridge Latin. Cambridge Latin won by a score of 2—0. One of Brookline's players most carelessly made the first goal for Cambridge, in an attempt to knock the puck behind the goal. The defeat made Brookline, Newton, and Cambridge Latin tie for first place, and according to the rules, a tie shall be played off if it is possible. In the play-off Brookline played Newton first, on February 12, at Jamaica Pond. Newton refused to play the game in the rink and Barndollar had to give in. Improvised goals were rigged and the game started. Newton started the game with a rush and scored a goal. However, this goal was not allowed, because the umpire declared that it went too high. Rapid playing was out of question, because the puck kept going into the ever-increasing crowd. In the second half Brookline scored two goals, thereby winning the game. Shine, Brett, Quigley, and Farley for Brookline, and Leonard and Plymton, for Newton, were responsible for most of the brilliant playing. The line-up was as follows :—

BROOKLINE.	NEWTON.
Shine, f.	f., Plymton
Barndollar, f.	f., Leonard
Brett, f.	f., Pierce
Heintzemann, f.	f., Foote
Quigley, c. p.	c. p., Henderson
Farley, p.	p., Merchant
Iverson, g.	g., Stevenson

Time,— Two twenty-minute halves.

On Friday, the fifteenth of February, Brookline defeated Cambridge Latin at Jamaica Pond. The ice was exceedingly poor and soft, and full of large cracks. The game was very late about starting and did not commence until after four. Cambridge Latin

insisted upon playing the game on the open ice, but the crowd closed in so badly, that Cambridge Latin asked to play the rest of the game within the rink. Brookline gladly consented and the rest of the game was played inside a rink. Both teams played the game to the limit, and from the time that play commenced within the rink the game was very fast and hard. The game was full of slight delays, which, however, were unavoidable. Shine and Barndollar played well for Brookline. The score was 1—0. The line-up was as follows :—

BROOKLINE.	CAMBRIDGE LATIN.
Shine, f.	f., Holland
Barndollar, f.	f., Taylor
Brett, f.	f., Sheehan
Heintzemann, f.	f., Baker
Quigley, c. p.	c. p., Burns
Farley, p.	p., Taft
Iverson, g.	g., Crawford

Time,— Two twenty-minute halves.

Brookline has now captured one championship this season and we sincerely hope that another one will be captured in baseball. Brookline won all the games by good, hard playing, and there can be no possible ground for a protest, even if one should be entered. A large amount of the team's good showing is due to Captain Townsend and his brillant playing.

BASKET-BALL.

B. H. S., 52; Y. M. C. A., 14, at Brookline.
B. H. S., 58; Boston Latin, 10, at Brookline.

INDOOR MEET.

On the afternoon of March 1st, the annual indoor meet of the school was held in the Town Hall. It brought out a great deal of talent and a fair sized crowd of spectators. All the events, with the exception of the mile, in which Shine had things all his own

way, were closely contested. The greatest surprise of the day was the defeat of 1903 by 1904 in the team race. In points 1903 leads by a safe margin. Summary :—

20-yd. dash, (4th class) — Won by C. Brett; second, R. Finnegan; third, Eugene Allen. Time, 3 1-5 sec.

20-yd. dash, (open) — Won by Bittenbender; second, E. E. Pritchett; third, Thompson. Time, 3 sec.

Potato race — Won by Thompson; second, E. E. Pritchett; third, Stranahan.

440-yd. dash — Won by Barndollar; second, Thompson; third, Murray.

Shot put — Won by Quigley; second, Delano; third, Heilborn. Distance, 30 ft. 7 in.

25-yd. hurdles — Won by Bittenbender; second, Brackett; third, Defriez. Time, 4 2-5 sec.

Running high jump — Won by George Morrison; second, George Calkins; third, Neal Iverson. Height, 5 ft. 3 in.

Mile run — Won by Shine; second, Christenson; third, Murray.

Team race — Won by 1904 (Kerrigan, Defriez, Iverson, Barndollar); 1903, second (Bittenbender, Brett, Shine, Thompson).

SWIMMING.

Harry LeMoyne has been winning honors in all sorts of contests lately, to the great joy of his many friends. In the B. A. A. games he took second in the shot-put against all the cracks of the country. At the Sportsman's Show, he has been doing great work, winning in every event that he has gone into, and smashing two records. The races he won have been the 60-yd., where he broke the world's record, the 80-yd., where he broke the A. A. U. record; and the 300, where he defeated the Yale crack, Wenke. Keep it up, Harry!

Holm, Quinlan, and McCormick have also been gaining laurels in swimming.

BASEBALL.

Batteries for the baseball team came out Monday, March 3d, in the gymnasium. Soon the men will be out-of-doors and then everybody should come out and try for it, whether he thinks he is any good or not. We need that baseball championship this year.

THE SAGAMORE

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EDITORIALS

The Senior Class is forced to acknowledge itself completely surpassed by the Public Day which the Juniors gave in Shailer Hall, Friday, February the twenty-first. The programme was varied and interesting. First the boys of the class sang a song in a manner that was a great tribute to the training of Mr. Snow. Following this, extracts from Washington's farewell address were read by Miss Edmonds, and humorous recitations were given by Messrs. Sylvester and Floyd. Miss Eglee played a selection from Tannhäuser on the mandolin with great skill, and Miss Beard, in spite of a severe cold, sang a cradle-song, with skill and taste. Then Mr. Ainsworth played a solo upon the piano. A number of the boys then gave an exhibition in gymnastics under the direction of Mr. Schmitt; they are envied for their proficiency by the whole school. With the chorus, Mr. Snow sang the solo part of Gounod's "Sanctus." Those of us who heard Miss McMackin at the Prize Speaking last year, know her ability; but in our opinion she quite excelled her usual performance, in the dramatic reading she gave at the Public Day. The last, and perhaps best feature of the programme was a Fan Drill, in which Misses Beard and Eglee were especially good. The girls simply brought down the house, and deserve great praise not only for the perfection of their work, but also for the time they must have spent in long practice. Sophomores, we are waiting to see what you can do.

It is with sincere regret that The Sagamore records the death of Edward North, the second Editor-in-Chief of this paper. "Ned" North was a member of the Class of '96, B. H. S., and a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Class of 1900. After taking his degree in Mining Engineering he was sent to Germany by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, to investigate certain labor conditions in that

country. On his return to America he took a post-graduate course at Harvard University. The instructors, both at the "Institute" and at Harvard speak in the highest terms of his ability; he was quick to learn, was thoroughly informed on many subjects and had a fine mind, which was in excellent working order. In order to be thoroughly familiar with the business of mining engineering, he engaged in the work of the United States Geological Survey, and it was while he was carrying on this work in Ouray, Colorado, that he took a slight cold, which rapidly developed into pneumonia, from which he died on the eighth of February, 1902, at the age of twenty-three.

Edward North was a quiet, studious fellow with a keen sense of humor and a thorough appreciation of all the "ins" and "outs" of school-life. Even as a lad he was extremely well-poised; he knew himself, and he knew what he wanted to make of himself; yet he never obtruded that self or sought for personal recognition. His work spoke for him. THE SAGAMORE flourished under his care; the articles which he wrote for the paper were excellent in style, keen and clear. At the end of his Senior year, he won the highest prize which the school offers, the gold medal, awarded for excellence in English. He was lacking in surplus physical energy, yet he was a force in the school; he never put himself forward, yet he was always found ready when the school needed a clear brain and a willing spirit.

One of his class-mates says of him: "I didn't know North very well when we were at the High School together, but I remember him distinctly as a quiet, forcible fellow."

Another of his class-mates writes of him as follows: "I remember him as a spectator and a listener, rather than as one who cuts up and is noisy. He didn't talk in a crowd; but take him singly and he was always very open — not a bit distant. He was very sound in his ideas; and, what is very rare — he was not in the least fresh. He was considerate, and always seemed to think well of people. Although he wasn't versatile, he wasn't narrow, and he took the most lively interest in all the things which the rest of the fellows were doing. Although not an athlete, he cared about

athletics; although not a double-shuffler or an "end man," he worked to make the Minstrel Show a success; and so on through all the things that the class were doing. I think it was this sympathy which made the boys like him. His reticence did n't make him bashful; and all the girls liked him because he was easy and unembarrassed and seemed to know just how to get along with them; he had a way which girls appreciate. And so he touched the school-life at many points, and yet left a distinct impression on the mind. I remember him as one of the positive elements of the Class of '96."

THE MODERN SOLOMON

HE sees, he beholds those who come around for subscription to The Sagamore, and he pondereth thereon.

Consider now in your thoughts The Sagamore, for it is a paper published even in the Brookline Institute of Learning, for the benefit of those who may attend therein. Behold, there cometh a time when a member who sitteth upon the Sagamore Board, doth meander on his gentle way toward the class rooms, saying, "Consider now the Sagamore. Is it not even a goodly effort?" And, truly, such it seemeth at a distance. And, behold, the victim giveth him fifty cents, and goeth without food that he may ride upon the elevated. Even so doth it come about. And he openeth his paper, and his eye falleth upon one of those pernicious things designated "Jokes." Who hath woe? Who uttereth lamentations? Even he who subscribed to The Sagamore. And he goeth about the third day, and demanded his filthy lucre back. But alas, The Sagamore hath never been run on the money-back principle, and harsh is the answer that he receiveth. For even harder is it to squeeze maple syrup from a cedar, than to get money from The Sagamore. For so hath experience taught us. Such is the way of the world.

W. A. S., '04

NEWS NOTES

Philip Fox, '99, has been elected president of the new Harvard Swimming Club.

Extract from the local paper, 2002 A. D.: "A man was arraigned in the Police Court this morning on the charge of walking without a license. He confessed that he possessed neither bicycle, motor-car nor airship. The case was continued one week. Such recklessness must be stopped."

The following notice appeared on the board in room 8 the other day: "III. A2 will please bring blocks to class with them." We wonder how they possibly could come without their heads.

We wish to correct a statement in the last issue to the effect that Harry Le Moyne was attending "Stone's." Although he had an idea of so doing at first, he finally decided to go to work; and now has a good position with Brown, Durrell & Co.

S—l—n pronounced "Andromache" in a manner which sounded very much like "Andrew Mack" in the I. Greek class the other day.

Ruth Blodgett, '01, is jumping center on the Freshman basket-ball team of Smith College.

It is rumored that Room 18 was mistaken for the kindergarten by a lady who was searching for that department.

Miss Grace W. Mason, B. H. S. '98; "Smith" 1902, has been elected president of the Alpha Society of her college.

Mabel Spencer, '00, a prize winner in the Declamation Contest of 1898, is one of the sextet of pretty maidens in "Florodora," which is now playing at the Colonial.

The Brookline High School Debating Club is to have a joint debate with Roxbury High in Shailer Hall, on Friday, March the twenty-first. The subject on which our boys hope to defeat the winners of last year is: "Resolved, That Cuba be annexed to the United States." It is hoped that everybody will come.

The S. S. Commonwealth, which sailed from Boston on the 12th of February for the Mediterranean, had two former members of the B. H. S. as passengers, namely, Miss Helen L. Parker, '96, and Miss May F. Holmes, '01.

Some people thought that H ought to be the unknown quantity instead of X when they got their report cards.

In III. Latin. "The exiles were chased out of the city by hunting dogs bearing nets." What well trained dogs!

One brilliant Latin student announced a few days ago that after his burial Pausanias was disinterested. Since Pausanias was dead it is more probable that he was disinterred.

The III. French class is evidently not in the habit of attending church regularly, for on the board was the following sentence: "*Est-ce que* vous allez à l'église?"

R. C. Seaver, '96, won in the ping-pong tournament which was held at Riverdale Casino last week.

As we go to press, H. Le Moyne is still breaking records. Isn't it it lucky that he went into the dry goods business instead of into a crockery-ware house?

Mr. John Knox Marshall, Corey Hill, Brookline, announces the engagement of his daughter, Elizabeth Adamson, to Clifton H. Dwinnell of Boston. Miss Marshall graduated from the Brookline High School in 1892, and from Smith College in 1896.

One by one we find out that we are celebrities by seeing our pictures in the newspapers. Miss Olive McMackin is the latest member of the school to be so honored. But cheer up! you will all get there in time.

Many of us were glad that the town had given us swimming lessons when we reached some of the street corners on our way to school last Wednesday morning.

CONDUCTOR "BILL" GRANT

HE Overland freight No. 4, east-bound, was pulling out of Ogallah station as No. 6, the west-bound Limited, was pushing up the foot of the Noose.

That day there was no pusher behind the freight, and the crew of No. 6 could plainly see the struggling, panting engines of the freight as they neared the summit of Eagle Pass.

"Bill" Grant, the conductor of No. 6, stood in the door of the baggage car; old John White, the baggage man, and the head-brakeman beside him, looking at the freight. They could see the conductor start over the head end, and, as they looked they saw his train break in two and the rear end roll down the mountain behind him. The caboose, with eight sixty-thousand-pound cars shot down the grade that No. 6 was climbing above Ogallah.

"Bill" Grant reached for the bell cord, but it was needless; his engineers applied the air and reversed, and No. 6 went struggling down the Noose. It was a race backward to save the Limited; but for every mile they could go back the runaways gained two. It was one thing to run down hill, and another to fall down; No. 4 was falling down hill.

Grant turned to John White and handed him his watch and money. "What do you mean?" choked White, but he knew what he meant.

"Take the money, John, it is the company's." The brakeman, dazed, turned to "Bill." "What are you going to do?" he added.

"I'll drop off at Ogallah-switch and maybe I can catch that string —we'll never make it this way, John, in God's world."

Grant took the keys from his pocket and pulled from the bunch the switch-key. John White jumped at Grant: "Give me the switch-key, Bill, I am lighter than you," as he followed him out onto the platform.

"No."

"Remember your children, Bill, give me the switch-key."

"This is my train, John."

A minute more and they would be at the Ogallay-switch. Grant, standing on the lower step, with the switch key in his mouth, John's white hair streaming above him, No. 6's drivers racing below him, a hundred passengers staring at him, "Bill" Grant let go.

John White, leaning way out of the baggage-car door, saw his conductor roll clear of the trucks and drivers and go tumbling down the embankment. Above him the runaways were lurching down the grade. Old John saw Grant stagger to his feet and fall back again; again "Bill's" head rose, and dragging after him one leg, he crawled heavily towards the switch. He reached for the stand and caught it, fumbled an instant at the lock; then he jerked the target over. As it fell the caboose of the runaways leaped on the tongue-rail; the truck shot into the switch, the rest of the cars followed, jumped the main rail and went booming down the gorge.

He lay by the switch; John White, stumbling, reached him first, and turned him over. John spoke to him again and again before his eyes opened. "Bill" raised his head and clutched with his broken and bloody fingers John White's arm; it fell back again upon the cinders. His face was bruised and his leg had snapped twice under him. A few moments later he lay in the state room of the forward sleeper.

When No. 6 pulled into Blackfoot next morning, the general manager climbed aboard, and immediately went to the injured conductor's stateroom. A few minutes later, Grant was carried to his home followed by the entire crew and the many passengers whom he had saved. The new crew climbed aboard; there were two short choppy snorts from 420, and No. 6 went rolling away from Blackfoot leaving a crowd of cheering people on the platform.

"Bill" Grant is still running No. 6, and as you go by Ogallah-switch the brakemen will say to you: "There's where 'Bill' Grant made his daring jump to save his train." G. B., 1904.

THAT SLEIGH RIDE.

"DO you want to go on a sleigh-ride tonight?" I was asked one Thursday afternoon last February.

"Oh—ah, well, I really don't know," I replied, for, to be honest, I did not look forward to a very exciting time. However, taken by surprise and cornered as I was by three girls, I accepted.

We started at half-past seven that evening. The moon shone brilliantly, the air was crisp but not cold, and as I had as good a seat as I could wish, I was glad that I had come. We drove gaily along, starting to sing songs which were seldom finished, because most of us either did not know the tune or the words, past the Chestnut Hill Reservoir, out through Commonwealth avenue, and thence towards Newton Center. At half past eight, just as the sleigh was crossing the street car tracks one of the back runners caught on the rail, slid along a few yards, and then broke. We literally piled out, and waited. However, after much talking, the driver thought that the runner would last until we reached home. In again we bundled, and after the disputes over the possession of the lap robes and the whereabouts of the girls' capes had been decided, the party again started on its way.

The sleigh went forward a few feet when the poor, overworked runner suddenly collapsed, and again we were rudely dumped out into the snow. Up again we got and waited, and waited, and waited, while there was much wise debate over what should be done. Some of the party played tag, some made a slide up and down a board walk, and the more religiously inclined sat on the steps of a neighboring church and chatted hopefully. Then one of the horses fell down—more trouble, more talking. By this time, about 9.15, the game of tag, the slide, and the church "porch" had ceased to be interesting, and, well, at nine o'clock at night Newton Center is not the most exciting place in the world, Chelsea or Salem not excepted.

Finally, it was found out that there was a sleigh like our own in a nearby stable, and that we could use this vehicle and our own

horses to get home with. The driver promised to have the new sleigh ready in ten minutes, or else it was agreed that we were to take the street cars home. At last—there are many "at lasts" and "finallys" to this sad tale—we repaired to a neighboring drug store, drank hot chocolate and waited out those eternal ten minutes: it was like 11.50 to 12.00 when one is seeing the new year in. Meanwhile many witty remarks were passed about getting home in time for church the next Sunday, etc, etc.

When the ten minutes were up, we were notified that the sleigh was ready at the stable; and to that shelter we tramped. Sure enough, the sleigh was ready, and the party stowed themselves in, sardine-fashion. By this time it was half-past nine. Everything went smoothly, including our chariot, which bowled along towards Commonwealth avenue, homeward bound, still keeping near the car tracks. Soon we came to a hill, down which the horses trotted furiously. At this point one of the noble steeds managed to entangle himself in the traces and threatened to fall under the runners. The other horses becoming frightened, went faster, and things began to look interesting.

Then one of the boys, although wedged in between two fair maids, gave a mighty leap, jumped over the seat to the ground, and gave chase to the flying animals. At last he caught up with them, seized one horse by the bridle and brought the others to a stop, and thus became the hero of the evening.

Beyond three broken traces, no damage was done; but returning home by the sleigh was out of the question; so we took up a weary line of march toward Commonwealth avenue, leaving the sleigh to its fate. At the time of writing it is reported "safe". In a few minutes, along came an electric car, going the wrong way, of course. However, the conductor gave us the cheering news that the cars ran every half hour and that this one was coming right back after it had reached the end of the route: the procession tramped solemnly toward Commonwealth avenue, which seemed like the promised land.

But we were farther along than we thought we were; for to our great surprise and delight the long sought avenue suddenly appeared

in the fore-ground. From this point the story runs swiftly; a car came along at once, in we got, and rode to the home of the girls, where we had a hot supper, which tasted better than any supper I ever ate. At midnight we had all reached our homes, not quite sure whether we had enjoyed ourselves or not; but on the whole, I can truthfully say that I am very glad that I went on that never-to-be-forgotten sleigh-ride.

J. T. B., 1902.

LOCALS

The Junior Public Day wasn't so much, after all, for parts of it were mere horse-play.

Graduate at parting, with emotion: "Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know."
Prof.: "Don't mention such a trifle."—[Ex.

Mr. Sanford informed the members of a study period, a few days ago, that he intended to stay out of the room as a matter of principle. We wonder how else he could stay out.

"Stop joking!" said Venus.
"I'm Sirius," replied the Dog Star.—[Ex.

"This is a Frost," remarked the small Frye, who had been told not to Pack-(h)ard Snow because it was a Case of Cole(d) disregard of Principal.

"Johnny," called his mother, "you've been loafing all day long. Satan always finds something for idle hands to do. Take this basket and bring in some wood."—Ex.

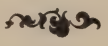
We have been requested not to publish the time-honored joke that the Junior Public Day was only a second-class affair; and so we will not insert the chestnut in this number.

It is a formal dinner,
And I am there, you see;
Were "I" to drop quite out of "it"
Why, "it" would be a "t."—[Ex.

"Silence!" said Mr. Sanford, but there was a Russell in the back of the room.

Theae are always queer happenings at class meetings, but the limit was reached last week when our presiding officer ordered the members to respond by eyes and nose.

One morning a young man was stirring his coffee with a very far-away expression on his face. "Are you building castles in the air?" asked his wife. "No," he replied, "I was only viewing my grounds in Java."—[Ex.



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Clark, lf.	Smith, rf.
Walker, c.	Heilborn, c.
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CONTENTS

An Incident 155
Rhyme of the Fallen Senior 159
How Jack Won the Cup . 160
How I Caught an Intruder . 163
Athletics 165
Editorials 169
The Curse of Dido 170
News Notes 171
Locals 172

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THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 8 APRIL, 1902 NUMBER 6

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN MISSIONARY AND HIS WIFE

A TRUE STORY

IN the summer of the year 1889, a band of Mandan Indians crossed the Canadian line into the United States, and set up their wigwams in an old deserted camp on the Missouri River, about one hundred miles northwest of Bismark, North Dakota. They had the reputation of being the wildest of their tribe, and were now waiting to be acknowledged by our government, and to receive their rations.

There was a good deal of red tape to be gone through, and the band had been in camp several weeks, fishing and hunting, when a party of white people appeared one day on the other side of the river. They had started out from Bismark a few days before and had made the journey across the prairie in easy stages. There was only a wagon-trail to follow, which led through a wild and uninhabited country, and finally brought them to the Missouri, opposite the Indian camp. At this point the river was narrow, very swift and full of whirlpools and eddies, thus making crossing a dangerous piece of work. The Indians had made a flat-bottomed boat, which was very cranky and leaky, for this purpose. The party consisted of the missionary, his wife and their small son, five years old, and a young government physician, his wife, and an interpreter.

As only one person could cross beside the boatman, at a time, it necessitated quite a number of trips. Everything except absolute necessities had to be left on that side. As yet the whites did not know what kind of a reception they would receive from the Indians,

and consequently the first one over might have rather an unpleasant time of it. It was, however, finally arranged, and the travelers were landed in safety on the other side. On this side of the river the bank was a steep bluff about thirty feet high, which came almost to the water's edge, and it was necessary to climb this in order to get to the camp. As they started up they saw above them a long row of red faces peering over the edge of the bank at them. Finally they arrived at the top and much to their satisfaction, were given a hospitable reception. An empty cabin, with a dirt floor and places cut in the walls for a window and a door, but unoccupied by either, was set apart for their use.

After our friends had made themselves as much at home as possible, considering the primitive condition of their cabin, they cooked and ate their supper, the Indians all the time keeping a respectful distance. Then the missionary made known his wish to meet the chief and the men of the band in council. The Indians gathered slowly and sat in a circle around the camp fire outside of the cabin, and when they had all smoked the peace-pipe, the missionary spoke to them, through the interpreter, of the possibilities of schools and other features of civilization. Many of the Indians replied with a formality and eloquence that can be fully appreciated only by those who have been fortunate enough to hear them. As night drew on, the Indians advised them to go into the cabin. They arranged themselves along the walls and could hardly be seen in the light of a single lantern. The speeches then continued until a late hour. After a good many of them had spoken, one old Indian got up and said, "We have still much to say, but we know that our white brothers and sisters tire easily, so we will now leave them to rest." With this they arose and departed.

The missionary and his friends then wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down on the floor. All, with the exception of the missionary's wife, soon dropped off to sleep. But she, either from the effect of the deadly stillness, which is peculiar to the American plains, or from the excitement of the day, could not rest. The night was even stiller than usual. Not a sound was heard. The

tired woman lay awake for a long time thinking of the events of the day; but at last fell into a light slumber. The stillness was so profound, however, that the slightest sound would have awakened her.

Still she slept on, ignorant of what might be going on outside, when all of a sudden she was wide awake. Had she heard anything? She strained her ears to their utmost. Yes, there it was again, but so faint that she could hardly hear, and yet so clear, that she was sure she was not mistaken. It seemed to be a signal of some sort and came floating to her ears from away off over the prairie. Still again she heard it. This time it came from another direction, and seemed a little nearer. Now cries seemed to come from all sides. What could they mean? She was a brave woman and silently waited to see what would happen. All was silent again, and the stillness became more and more oppressive. Five minutes slowly dragged away, and still she heard nothing. It seemed to her that the beating of her heart must awaken her companions. The minutes passed until she thought that she had been listening for hours, and finally decided that she must have been mistaken. She was turning over to go to sleep again when all of a sudden her blood ran cold and her heart stopped beating. She had caught the sound of footsteps coming through the grass, and experience told her that an Indian was stealthily approaching the cabin. Now she heard it on all sides. What she had heard before was evidently the signal of gathering Indians, and now they were closing in on every side with the purpose of murdering them! Should she awaken her husband only to have him realize the awful death that was slowly approaching him? No, better that he should die in ignorance of all. Then the thought came to her that he might be able to pacify them if he spoke to them. She awakened him and told him in a few whispered words what was happening. He laughed at her fears and with a few drowsy words went off to sleep again.

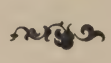
Then she drew her boy to her bosom and determined to meet her fate bravely. Still she heard the swish, swish of the footsteps as they approached nearer and nearer. Now they were almost at

the cabin. Then she saw a shadowy form pass by the window and an instant later appear before the door. With a stifled cry she buried her head on the breast of her child and waited for the end she knew was coming. Yet it did not come. Finally she raised her head slowly, dreading the sight which would meet her eyes. What was her surprise, however, to see nothing but the clear moonlight coming in through the door. Then she knew that the Indians must have passed by; and as she realized this, her overstrained nerves gave way and she sank into a condition, half swoon, half sleep.

When she awoke, the sun was shining in through the windows and filling the room with a glad light. She heard the merry laughter of her boy, and the talk of the rest of the party who were outside cooking the breakfast, and she could hardly realize with the world so bright and happy, what she had gone through during the night. She arose, and thanking God that they were still alive, joined the rest at breakfast.

After the missionary's wife had told her story, the Indians were questioned, and said that they had become excited by the unexpected visit, and had spent the night in merry-making in a dance-house several miles across the prairie. It was their returning that had so frightened the missionary's wife. The Indians, too, had not even looked into the door as they passed by, and the form which the frightened woman thought she saw in the doorway, was in reality only the first of the Indians passing by, who, to her excited imagination, seemed to be coming into the cabin bent on murder.

WIGGLESWORTH.



She — "All men have their hobbies, now women generally speaking" —

He (interrupting) — "Yes, so they are."

She — "Are what?"

He — "As you just said — generally speaking." —[Ex.

THE RHYME OF THE FALLEN SENIOR

(With Apologies to S. T. C.)

It is a stately Senior,
She stoppeth a Freshman wee,
"With your eyes so wild and straggling hair,
Now, wherefore scare you me?

"The study-room is open wide,
'Tis time we all were in;
And there is that five-minute bell!
Just listen to the din!

"Please let me go, tall Senior!—"
The Senior shook her head.
"Nay, hear my tale, my woeful tale,
You shall not go," she said.

The Freshie sighs—the classes pass—
She cannot chose but hear;
The Senior's wild eyes hold her fast,
She trembles half in fear.

"'Twas Monday morning cold and fair
Merrily did I start
Adown the street, along the snow,
With gay and festive heart.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
But 'twas not of the ice I thought
As I tripped o'er the ground.

"Ah, woe is me! I noticed not
Three Seniors coming near,
I saw no ice, I saw no snow,
I saw no cause for fear.

"But when I passed those Seniors three—
Ah, Freshman, smile not so—
My books went flying all about,
The ice was all below.

"So there I sat; my classmates passed;
—Oh, why must such things be?—
And hostile thoughts were in my mind
Against those Seniors three!

"A smothered laugh, a giggle faint
Was wafted to my ear;
I was about to shake my fist,—
A teacher did appear!

"I scrambled up, I grabbed my books,
I was inside the door;
A madder, or a lamer girl
One never saw before!

"So, Freshman friend, my story ends;
Farewell," the Senior said,
"Now hurry off to history class."
And down the hall she sped.

The Freshman walked with downcast eyes,
—Her study hour was o'er—
Forsooth, she was a wiser girl
Than she had been before.

EAST ORANGE HIGH SCHOOL "NEWS."

HOW JACK WON THE CUP

THE candidates for the Riverfield High School base-ball team had been practicing for many weeks. Jack Wright had stood through the thinning out of the candidates, and now he had been selected for left-field on the team. It was his first year on the team and he felt that he must work with all his strength and energy to prove himself worthy of the position. He practiced faithfully and untiringly through the early spring months, and all the fellows began to feel that he was just the man for the place, and that the captain had certainly made no mistake in selecting him.

The Riverfield High School belonged to a base-ball league in which were many formidable opponents. The school, as a whole, felt very uncertain as to the chances of winning the championship. The Waterbrook Academy won it for two years in succession and were confident of winning it this year. A cup was offered as a prize to every member of the winning team, and as Riverfield was in the center of the district of the competing teams, the cups had been placed in one of the large store windows in the town.

Jack Wright had to pass this store every day on his way to school, and he used to stop and look longingly at the cup inscribed "Left Field," wondering whose name would adorn it at the end of the season.

The first game was played and won by Riverfield with a score of 6 to 5. It was a close, exciting game. Jack played his best and caught more than one man out, never missing a ball. There were now only two more games to be played, one with the easiest and the other with the hardest team, and Waterbrook, the hardest, was to come last.

Therefore, after the next game had been easily won with a score of 11 to 0, the players on the Riverfield team began to feel somewhat uneasy; for they knew that the championship depended on the winning of that last game with Waterbrook. The captain of the Riverfield team had every player practicing until five o'clock every day before the game. Each player felt that Riverfield would give Waterbrook the toughest fight she had had yet.

Finally the day came. The opposing team came on to the field with flying colors, and very confident of winning the game. The Riverfield's captain gave each player a bit of good advice, and then the game began. The Waterbrook team had won the toss and taken their first out. In the first, second and third innings, Waterbrook scored, so the score at the beginning of the fourth inning was 3 to 0 in favor of Waterbrook. At the end of the sixth inning the score stood a tie. Then, in the seventh and eighth, Waterbrook scored 3 and Riverfield only 1. Now came the test. Jack was the fifth man at the bat in the ninth inning. Two men were out and

two on bases. The pitcher looked defiant. Jack saw his arm swing, heard the ball whiz, and then he struck, but only the air. The thud of the ball in the catcher's mit and the umpire's "strike one," made his heart sink to his boots. Another swing of the pitcher's arm, but this time it was a foul. Two balls quickly followed, and then Jack again struck the air and heard the thud of the ball in the catcher's mit, but he looked defiantly back at the now confident pitcher. This time the arm swung, Jack hit with all his might. The ball went sailing through the air, far out past the fielder's heads. Jack fairly flew over the bases. As he reached third, he heard some one yell "Wait!" But he felt perfectly competent to reach home without being put out. He put on one last burst of speed and reached the home plate just as the catcher caught the ball. Jack slid and touched the plate before the catcher could touch him with the ball. He was well repaid for his work by the loud shout from the grand stand when the umpire called "Safe." The next man up flied to short-stop and the first of the ninth was over. The score now was 7 to 6 in favor of Riverfield.

The first Waterbrook man at the bat flied out to center field. The next made first safely and was trying to steal second when a quick throw from the pitcher put him out. The next two reached their bases safely. Now the man on whom the hopes of Waterbrook rested came to the bat. He was tall, muscular, and the best batsman on his team. The first ball thrown was a foul. Then the man at the bat drew himself up for a mighty effort. The ball was thrown. The batsman swung with all his might. He struck the ball squarely and sent it whizzing out far over the left-fielder's head. When Jack saw the ball coming he turned and ran back as fast as he could. He saw the ball far above him and he ran faster, stretching out his arm as far as he could. As if by magic the ball began falling towards him. Then with one tremendous leap he grasped the ball amid the mighty cheers of the spectators and sent it infield.

The game was over. Riverfield High School had won the championship. Jack was being carried all over the field on the shoulders of his friends.

That night there was none any happier than Jack Wright, as he carried his well-earned prize home and related to his family the whole story from beginning to end. F. R., '04.

HOW I CAUGHT AN INTRUDER

IT was about nine o'clock at night when I left my aunt's house and started for home, about four miles distant. My brother and I took turns in going, and it happened to be my turn on this particular night. We lived in the country at the time, and usually drove over; but, as the old horse had the blind staggers, I had to walk. As I was saying, it was about nine o'clock of a cold November night; the full moon shed its light over the surrounding country and cast grotesque shadows through the trees. My way led partly through some woods, and it was not a very pleasant walk, I can assure you.

My mind flew from one thing to another as I walked along, and finally it led to burglars. Immediately the recollection of every book I had read on that subject came into my head, and I quickened my pace somewhat. I can say without flattering myself that I was not easily frightened, but somehow or other I always felt more comfortable when I came in sight of one of the few houses along the road. I saw the lights burning in the houses and the people reading or sewing around the family table. The wind was moaning through the bare trees, and with the grotesque shadows cast by the moon it was an uncanny walk.

I was about three-quarters of the way home and in sight of our nearest neighbor's house—the family was away at the time and had left us the key so that if anything happened there we could get in the house—when I thought I saw something wrong in front of it. "Was that a man moving stealthily around the house?" thought I to myself, and I stood still. I looked still more intently and saw that he had a mask on and something in his hand. I immediately guessed his purpose, and thought: "What shall I do? Shall I make a bolt for home and tell father, or take upon my own shoulders the responsibility of scaring off the unlawful intruder?"

I stood with one hand in my pocket and the other stroking my long black hair, my usual position when thinking. All of a sudden I felt something strange in my pocket, and taking it out, I saw that

it was the key to Mr. Farwell's house, the key to the house that burglar was trying to get into. How it got into my pocket I could not remember, with that man trying to enter my friend's abode. A boy about my own age lived there and I had often gone to take dinner and spend the afternoon with him, and so I knew his house almost as well as my own. In a moment I had made up a plan which I thought would succeed in scaring off the burglar.

I crept cautiously around the house, stepped softly up the back steps, and opened the door as quietly as possible. It was pitch dark inside, for the curtains were all drawn; but as I said before, I knew the house thoroughly, and had no difficulty in finding Bill's room. I knew where he kept his revolver, and I quickly got that and stepped into the front part of the house noisily, stamping and slamming doors as I went, for I was confident the burglar had not got in yet.

I was right in this respect; for when I cautiously raised a curtain and looked out I saw him standing in the full moonlight looking at the house. He began to approach gradually. I raised the window, keeping in the dark and called out, "I'll give you to understand that you are n't the only fellow around here, as you thought, and if you don't move on there will be trouble, for I have a little article here that may cause you some inconvenience." I was as big as he and perhaps as strong. I was the strongest lad anywhere around, so I was n't afraid of him; but before I was aware of what he was doing he was crawling in the window I had so unwisely opened. As he entered he fired a shot, but luckily for me I was not in the way of it. As soon as he was inside I sprang on him and gave him one on the side of the head which made him stagger and fall.

He could not see half so well as I could because he came out of the light into the dark, and my eyes were accustomed by this time to the darkness. He rose, but I felled him again and held him down. I got his revolver from him and had him at my mercy.

"Oh, for a piece of rope!" thought I; but on putting my hand in my pocket I found a piece that would answer my purpose. I bound him as well as possible in the dark, and shutting the window and locking the back door, I started for home.

It was the quickest mile I ever ran in my life or that I ever shall run. I hastily explained the situation to father, and he grabbed a lantern and we started back. I was nearly dead when I arrived. We went in and found him just where I had left him, and no damage done except a broken chair and the vase he hit on the mantel.

The question was then asked, "What shall we do with him?" It was finally decided that we should "lug" him along as best we could to the constable, who lived three miles off.

It was hard work, but he was safely lodged in the jail at last and we went home. After being questioned more than to my liking I went off to bed and had a well earned sleep. Word was sent to the Farwells, who came right home and they could n't thank me enough. I refused a reward they offered me, but I was ever afterwards welcome at their home.

W. M. B., 1904.

ATHLETICS

BASE-BALL.

On the afternoon of Monday, March 24th, Quigley called out the candidates for the base-ball team for the first out-door practice of the year. Cook, Delano, Smith, Pritchett, and Dexter, of last year's squad reported; the candidates for the three positions open are: Brackett, Beard, Heilborn, Gilbert, Webb, Wilbor, Kerrigan, Talbot, Kernan, Iverson, Walsh, Leonard, Pritchett, Hopkins, Shelton, Ritchie, Miller, Wheeler, and Barndollar.

The chances for a good ball team this year seem exceptionally good. With six of last year's players in the school, and twenty candidates for the three open positions, the prospect seems a very bright one. If the school will only support the team as it should, we certainly can have every hope of landing the base-ball championship. Let every one help, either by playing or by attendance at games, and by encouraging the team.

Captain Quigley announces the following schedule of base-ball games for 1902 : —

April 5th.	Technology '04, at Brookline.
April 9th.	B. C. Freshmen, at Brookline.
April 11th.	Roxbury Latin, at Brookline.
April 15th.	Arlington High, at Brookline.
April 19th.	(A. M.) Alumni, at Brookline.
April 19th.	(P. M.) Oken, at Brookline.
April 21st.	Adams Academy, at Quincy.
April 23d.	Harvard Freshmen, at Cambridge.
April 26th.	Groton at Groton.
April 29th.	Malden High, at Brookline.
May 6th.	C. M. T. S., at Brookline.
May 9th.	Dedham High, at Brookline.
May 13th.	Thayer Academy, at Braintree.
May 20th.	Burdett College, at Brookline.
May 28th.	Watertown High, at Brookline.

League Games.

May 2d.	Newton High, place undecided.
May 16th.	Hopkinson, at Newton.
May 23d.	Cambridge Latin, at Newton.
May 30th.	Boston Latin, at Newton.

BASKET-BALL.

Brookline High *vs.* Dorchester High, at Dorchester.

On the afternoon of Thursday, March 20th, the B. H. S. team journeyed over to Dorchester and defeated the Dorchester High School team by a score of 35 to 22. During the first half the scoring was very even, though Brookline scored easily in the second half. Line up : —

Dorchester High.	Brookline High.
Wolff, r. f.	l. f., Quigley
Fish, l. f.	r. f., Lincoln
Hapgood, c.	c., Heilborn
Barnstead, r. g.	l. g., Floyd
Ross, l. g.	r. g., Smith

20-minute halves.

THE ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENT

At the Town Hall on the evening of Saturday, March 22d, an entertainment was given by the boys and girls of the High School for the benefit of the Athletic Association. It proved a great success financially as well as athletically, for over eighty dollars was realized.

The first number on the programme was marching and gymnastics by boys of the third class. The snap and precision with which these exercises went off spoke well for Mr. Schmidt's training. This was followed by a game of battle ball between two teams composed of boys of the third class.

The girls had their chance next. Sixteen girls of 1904, led by Miss Morse, and directed by Mr. Nissen, went through some exercises and free movements with grace and spirit. The same girls appeared later, between the halves of the basket-ball game, in a picturesque Swedish peasant dance, under the leadership of Miss Hill.

At 8.45 the basket-ball teams of Brookline and Boston English High appeared on the floor, and after a few minutes' practice the game began. It proved, by far, the best game of the year, and was a fitting finale to our successful basket-ball season.

For the first ten minutes neither team scored, English High's team work offsetting the good individual work of our men. Then E. H. S. threw a goal, though Brookline soon duplicated the feat, and the play was fast and exciting to the end of the half.

In the second half English High weakened and Barndollar and Smith threw goal after goal for Brookline. The rather rough tactics of the Brookline team seemed to wear out English High, so that our basket was rarely in danger. The game ended with the score: Brookline 33, E. H. S. 10. Line up: —

English High.	Brookline High.
Peabody, l. f.	r. f., Barndollar
McKenney, r. f.	l. f., Quigley
Walker, c.	c., Heilborn
Kelley, l. b.	r. b., Smith
Byorson, r. b.	l. b., Floyd

20-minute halves. Referree. — C. Barndollar. Umpire. — Hanlon, B. L. S.

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EDITORIALS

ON Thursday, March 27th, the Sophomore Class gave its public day in Shailer Hall. The programme was interesting and appropriate. Messrs. Beard and Miles, and Miss Jones recited with skill and spirit. Miss Lincoln played a violin solo with taste and expression, and a piano selection was given by Miss Mason, which gained the applause of all. The German class sang "Die Wacht am Rhein" very acceptably, and a quartet of girls showed how beautiful "Die Lorelei" is when properly rendered. The last and most pretentious number on the programme was "Hiawatha," read by Miss Morse, to the pantomime accompaniment of girls in Indian costume. All who took part in the entertainment deserve great praise for their efforts.

SUBSCRIBERS to THE SAGAMORE could help us greatly if they would tell the class editors any items of interest either about the alumni or about pupils of the school. It is impossible for us to discover all the news, and our "News Notes" would not only be augmented, but made infinitely more interesting, if our schoolmates would only give us a little hint of engrossing happenings now and then.

Now that the base-ball season is at hand, we think that a few words on athletics would not be out of place. It is simply impossible for us to have a successful team unless heartier support is given the team than has been shown in the past. The entertainment given in the Town Hall, though successful, will not pay one-quarter of the expenses of running the team. If we are to have a capable coach, well-equipped players, and a confident spirit, as many as possible of the members of the school will have to make contributions of twenty-five cents at least. But that is not all that is expected of you. In another part of this issue we print a schedule of the season's games. The greater majority of these, as you see, take place upon the common. Now we not only expect

you to attend as many of these games as possible, which cost you nothing, and to cheer with might and main, but we also expect you not to miss one of the league games, and not to think it unnecessary to cheer because you have spent a quarter for admission. But above all, give the team your whole-hearted support, and show them that you appreciate the sacrifices they are making, to record in the annals of our league history, "Brookline High School — Championship 1902."

THE CURSE OF DIDO

Translated from *THE ÆNEID.*

O Sun, who lightest all lands with thy glare,
And thou, O Juno, conscious of my care,
And Hecate, invoked by wailing cry,
And ye, O gods of Dido, now to die,
Ye, too, avenging Furies, hear my prayer,
And aid me with thy power, O gods on high!
If it must be that he should come to land;
And if the fates of Jove do so demand,
Let this be his determin'd destiny:
In war and arms let him forever be
Harassed, an exile with his hateful band;
May he implore thy aid and clemency,
And see his comrades' infamous decease.
When under laws and bonds of unjust peace
He governs, let him not enjoy his sway,
But let him meet his doom before his day.
This prayer I do beseech upon my knees,
This supplication I, before you, lay.
Then ye, my subjects, settlers from old Tyre,
Pursue his offspring with eternal fire.
Arise now, some avenger from our clan,
Who shall torment the Trojans under ban,
Now and henceforth with everlasting ire;
Let tribe contend with tribe, and man with man!

F. H. L., '03.

NEWS NOTES

A large delegation from the Senior class was on hand March 6th to welcome Prince Henry, at the corner of Commonwealth and Massachusetts avenues.

Dr. Lyon did not have a hard task when he proved that the United States is the "Greatest Show on Earth." Every American believes that anyway.

What is the platform for in Room 10? A horrible suspicion is in the minds of the Seniors that the ghastly corpse of Declamation is to be disinterred.

If some pupils of the school living far off have to be at school in the afternoon, they may get a good lunch at Reynolds Bros. restaurant just opened in the village.

The Senior College English class believe that Burke's Speech on Conciliation was bad enough to drive Parliament to — making war on the Colonies.

The last Sagamore meeting was attended principally by the editor-in-chief.

The boys in Room 10 who come to school early in order to stand at the windows made too great an impression on the girls, and now they can't do it any more, to their great grief.

Co-education really has its drawbacks, especially when it comes to learning Physics, which girls cannot get through their — well, ask Mr. Packard about it, for he has calmed down by this time.

Friday morning, March 21st, Mr. Loud, organist of the Harvard Church, played a number of piano solos. His "Pilgrims' Chorus" from Tannhäuser was especially applauded.

Too bad we can't have a longer vacation!

Where were the two upper classes in the gymnastic exhibition?

The Junior girls have been asked to repeat the fan-drill at a vaudeville performance to be given for the benefit of All Saints Church, April the sixteenth.

A brilliant member of one of the German classes announced gravely the other day that the plural of 'wife' was 'viper.'

Lost — A purple sock with '03 on it.

If Fl — d would substitute two marks he seldom sees on his card, for two letters of his name, he would have the entire list of the school's marks.

Charles Rowley '01, just fell short of making the Harvard Freshmen base-ball team.

Sylvester Nyhen, '01, is up for president of his class at Boston University Law School.

It is rather hard on those of us who have friends in Boston schools, to have our vacation close just when theirs begins.

Now that the trees are beginning to bud, vacation doesn't seem so very far off.

LOCALS

If the supporters of the Sagamore are not satisfied with their board, some one suggests they give a banquet.

Why is Taylor one of the busiest boys in school? Because his work is pressing.

Mr. Br — ks outdid the saying, "Go way back and sit down," when, on a certain boy's entering the room he shouted "Withdraw, Miles."

From appearances it looks as if Talbot must have borne in mind Tennyson's famous words, "On Stanley On!" Who says academic education is of no value?

Certain people may fall from grace if they persist in taking rolls from the lunch-counter.

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CONTENTS

Our Special 179
Extracts from Letters . . . 179
Time and the Hour 180
A Loyal Note 181
Fair Harvard 182
Doubles at Yale 183
Brookline High School Girls at Smith College 183
Smith Girls in the Open . . 184
Impressions of an Old "Grad." 185
Athletics 186
News Notes 188
Editorials 192
Locals 194
School Catalogue 195

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There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 8 MAY, 1902 NUMBER 7

OUR SPECIAL

A "GOOD Cheer" number of The Sagamore! Hats off for the old school! A godspeed to your Alma Mater,—just a word by return mail, if possible,—and the good cheer came.

Turn the pages and enjoy the optimism.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

Hanover, N. H., April 20, 1902.

Though no longer a member of the Brookline High School, I still cherish a fond regard for it, even greater, I feel, than when I was attending the school. Through the newspapers I have followed with enthusiasm the progress of the various athletic teams, whose victories, I was glad to see, greatly outnumbered their defeats. Hoping that the baseball team will have the same if not greater success, I remain,

Yours truly,

Dartmouth College. JOHN H. FURFEY.

No one can feel prouder than the writer that he came from B. H. S. At Williams, B. H. S. is very well known and has an excellent reputation. Fraternity life, athletics and various other interests are the chief inducements to go to such a college, and I can assure you that my training at B. H. S. has been of great advantage to me. Baseball, hockey, and basket-ball, besides a class office, have been the extent of my undertakings. Everything that I have done, though, refers me back to our old Alma Mater, B. H. S.

Cordially yours,

Williams College, Williamstown, H. NESBITT.
23d April, 1902.

I feel such a debt of gratitude to the High School for what the four years spent there did for me, that anything I can say to help some-

one else to get the same benefit is most willingly said. But what I say seems weak because it doesn't begin to express all that I feel.

Wishing the "Good Cheer" number of The Sagamore the success it deserves, I remain,

Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Very sincerely yours,
C. W. K.

I am very glad to be counted among the graduates who have the privilege of expressing their loyalty to the old school, and I thank you for the opportunity with kindest wishes.

Faithfully yours,

Brookline, 23d April, 1902.

Arthur Spencer.

I take it for ganted that you follow Harvard athletics and have seen how prominent Brookline men are in this branch of college activities. The school is certainly to be congratulated on the fine showing of its representatives. But some of us have done nothing great at Harvard which would bring honor to our school.

We have in our hearts, however, loyalty to the old school, and although we no longer sit in Room 10, we feel that we are still under its influence. Whatever the school undertakes, we are with it. We wish the "Good Cheer" success.

Sincerely,

Harvard University.
May 1, 1902.

R. V. Bunting.

TIME AND THE HOUR

IF all the good the High School does for the boys and girls who go through it were represented by the larger or smaller number of facts which it crams into their heads in the four years' course, then the duration of that benefit would be exactly proportional to the time it takes those boys and girls to forget the above-mentioned facts. But as the writer feels reasonably sure that he has forgotten most of the book learning which he soaked up at the High School (and it was up to the average amount), and yet feels gladder every year that his school days were spent just where they were, he has long since been led to believe that the "book learning" one gets

there, *per se*, decreases in value as the square of the time since he left.

Realizing, as he does, that this line of reasoning has led many well-meaning persons to entirely disregard their books while at school, in order that they might have just so much more time for the "other things," he will say right here that, aside from the necessity of study, in order to remain at school at all, there is another very important function which study fills. It is this. The necessity of properly combining study and exercise calls for a certain amount of planning and arrangement of one's work. The better a man has his work systematized, the more he gets from his work and the more he gets from school. It takes no ingenuity or foresight to play all the time, or to work all the time; but it does take care and thought to properly combine all the activities which the Brookline High offers to its members. The man who learns to keep up his school work creditably, play baseball, write for The Sagamore, work for the Debating Club, and then still have time to spare, has learned something which books alone can't teach, and which a man must learn sooner or later, if he expects to be successful in any career.

The most valuable thing the High School gives to its members is the four years of experience. In those four years a boy learns that true worth and character are the only points which have any weight in sizing up a man. The debating club, athletic teams, and the like, are the best opportunities a boy has for rubbing up against his fellowmen and learning to appreciate other men. The boy who neglects them is losing one of the best investments that ever came his way. The debating club will pay him 100 per cent every time he rises to harangue an assembly, and the memory of a hard fought athletic contest will be a joy forever.

If I may add one word of advice, it is this. Don't imagine that the High school can do anything for you if you do nothing for it and for yourself. Nothing will ever seem valuable which does not represent work and self-sacrifice. The men who have gotten most from Brookline High are the ones who have done the most for it. '97.

A LOYAL NOTE

There are very few high schools in the country, unless I am greatly mistaken, which offer so many advantages as the Brookline High

School. The success of a school depends on two factors, its teachers and its pupils, and Brookline High has always been uncommonly fortunate in both. Since I graduated the school has moved into a new building and has a more complete equipment, but these changes cannot diminish the attachment and loyalty of any graduate. Among the chief advantages offered by the school, to my way of thinking, are these: the stimulating quality of the instruction covering a large variety of subjects; the earnestness with which the school has sought to maintain a high standard in athletics; and the opportunity for the formation of friendships which may sometimes be more highly prized than many of the choicest formed in after life. As I look back on the old school days, I have a feeling of regret that I did not make better use of these many precious opportunities. A scholar too easily falls into the mistake of regarding his teachers as mere machines, instead of kind-hearted people who are doing all they know how to help him. The pupil's loyalty to the school, to his class, to himself, is the only foundation that the success of the school can be built upon. The noble motto, "*olim praesidium reipublicæ*" must thrill with its manly sentiment every true and generous heart, and the Brookline High School ought to be very proud of it. '95.

FAIR HARVARD

At the present time Brookline High School has good reason to be proud of her representation at Harvard. Though sending here, proportionally, a small number, she now has some of her graduates taking a front rank in the college life.

The most promising light is Carl Marshall, '00, quarter-back on the University football team. As we all know, he won for himself last autumn the name of "The Napoleon of the gridiron." Henry Skilton is doing fine work on the University baseball team and will play third base this season.

Among other men who have won honors in athletics are, J. W. Foster, '99, who played on the University hockey team, and represented Harvard in the intercollegiate races in April, D. K. James, '99, who was a member of the University water polo team, and Philip Fox, '99, who played on the Second football team.

Two others also deserve mention, they are Payson Dana, '99, captain of the Sophomore baseball team, and Winthrop Richmond, ex-'01, who stroked the winning crew in the Freshman races. '01.

DOUBLES AT YALE

It may appear somewhat out of place to bring up here a topic of the Yale Bicentennial, which, besides being an event of the past, seems scarcely pertinent in the columns of a paper whose readers, with but very few exceptions, wave the crimson flag. But B. H. S. sent its delegate to join in the festivities of Yale's 200th birthday, who was by no means lax in his enthusiasm and loyalty toward the name of Old Eli. When our honorable principal, on that memorable night of October last, donned his cap and gown, and, torch in hand, joined the ranks of the Blue with six thousand other sons of Yale, it would have been hard for us to picture him as the same one with whom we toil over the difficulties of Homer and visit at 1.35. Little did he think then of the principles of Greek syntax, and the theme of the Iliad. No; as he sat with his classmates on the campus fence, and before the big bon-fire sang with them the strains of "Good Old Yale," and "Bright College Years," he was again at Yale, not a dignified Alumnus, nor a high school principal, but himself a student, once again indulging in the good cheer and spirit of true college days. And if, when he did return to the class-room, his thoughts seemed turned and inclined to wander, perhaps the strains of those last lines were still ringing in his ears:—

In after years should trouble rise,
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
How bright will seem thro' Memory's haze,
The happy, golden bygone days.
Oh, let us strive that ever we
May let these words our watch-cry be,
Where'er upon life's sea we sail:
"For God, for Country, and for Yale." '01.

BROOKLINE HIGH GIRLS AT SMITH COLLEGE

In the midst of new loyalties we do not forget the old. Every Brookline High School girl at Smith College has learned to realize that. Whenever we hear of new honors that have come to the Brookline girls here, new responsibilities that have been intrusted to them, new fields for development that have been opened up to them, we claim it all for the earlier Alma Mater, with eager

enthusiasm. Even during the few college years that have come within my own observation, this has happened so often that our quiet, but proud, "Yes, she is a Brookline High School girl," has passed into almost a by-word in some circles. In scholarship, in athletics, and in that recognition of personal power contained in class trusts, our girls have done honor to the old school.

To prove that our pride in the alumnæ of the Brookline High School as they have been represented at Smith in the last few years is not unjustified, we can quote a few instances like these: Emily Locke, B. H. S., '95, Smith, 1900, had charge of the Alumnæ Department of the Smith College Monthly for the year 1899-1900; Marion Sharp, B. H. S., '97, Smith, 1901, won the Furness prize for the best essay on a given Shaksperian topic; May Lewis, B. H. S., 1897, Smith, 1901, was captain of her class basket-ball team; Maude Dutton, B. H. S., '98, Smith, 1903, is editor-in-chief of the Smith College Monthly for the coming year; Virginia Bartle, B. H. S., '99, Smith, 1903, is president of the junior class; Ruth Blodgett, B. H. S., 1901, Smith, 1905, plays on the basket-ball team of her class. Three of these girls have been elected to membership in the Alpha Society and one to membership in the Phi Kappa Psi Society,—the two literary societies of the college. Those who have not received such public recognition are doing no less to bring about an end which means a great deal to all of us—that the Brookline High School shall always be respected in Smith College. '98.

SMITH GIRLS IN THE OPEN

What are the B. H. S. girls doing at Smith? There are only seven of us who can claim that title,—two Seniors, three Juniors and two Freshmen. This being the pleasantest part of the year, and particularly so in these regions, we, like the other twelve hundred, are all doing our very best to enjoy life and make the most of spring-term. Hammocks are strung up in the apple orchards; the tennis-courts are occupied from day-break to darkness by girls, who are either practising for or playing off the tournaments; row boats and canoes are always drifting about on Paradise River; crowds set off each afternoon to go in search of arbutus, or to climb the mountains; riding and driving are very popular; there is always some crowd playing baseball or ground hockey on the back campus, or some

quieter group, comfortably surrounded by pillows, studying on the bank under the trees. Every one is very happy, and begrudges all time not spent in the open air. The Seniors groan as they think that they will soon have to take a last look at the mountains and the Connecticut, winding across the green meadows. The Juniors are now all absorbed in their grand Junior Prom. The Freshmen are always on hand for a good time, and are certainly making the most of their first and much anticipated spring term at Smith. '01.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN OLD "GRAD"

An " old grad " returning to the High School ten years after graduation is certain to be overawed at first by the very bigness of things. It is hard to fit the initials B. H. S., which have always meant to him a happy family, gathered together for study and social intercourse in a small home-like building, to this vast manufactory of gray matter. As he tip-toed through the long, silent corridors he wondered if the boy of '03 is getting as much as he of '93. Surely he never tip-toed through the entries of that little, old wooden building on School street. All at once the buzzing of innumerable bells breaks the stillness, and before he has time to get his heels down to the floor, he is surrounded by a crowd of strange young faces, gazing upon him with a lack of recognition that makes him feel more lonesome than ever. Then his thoughts wander back to the old building, and he sees that fine old " big room " with its assemblage of all classes of boys and girls; the sturdy Wrightington is there, and Wellman, joy of his teachers, now striding as fast as his little legs can carry him toward the head of his profession; and the Taylors,— when, lo! as though summoned by the thought, one face in the confused multitude seems familiar, and the " old grad " blesses the name of Taylor and wonders what the school will do when the last of this family shall have graduated and the last link be broken between the new and the old. On the stairs and in one room after another he makes comparisons; and his reason, pointing out the many advantages of the new, is met at every turn by that irrepressible loyalty with its same old answer, " Ah, but just think what they miss!"

And then for a moment he stands unobserved upon the threshold of the office. The head-master is there at his desk, still busy over the problem of making men and women out of thoughtless young-

sters who consider interference with their own unreasoning wills the gravest crime in the calendar. The " old grad " recalls that, in his youthful short-sightedness, it took him half a year to get the right focus in looking at the teachers from his point of view; and he wonders if it is taking the present generation as long a time. But with the hearty, old-time handshake all doleful ideas are banished, and by the time the visitor has renewed acquaintance with Mr. Packard in his laboratory, and with Miss Johnson in "Paradise Lost," and has seen Miss Frye and Miss Frost still pouring that flood of enthusiasm into their pupils through English channels and Roman aqueducts, he can say with an easy mind,"Well, it's the same old school, after all. What man has done, man can do. Teachers who made men and women ten years ago can and must make them today; and in spite of changing courses of study and ever-improved equipment, this remains still the highest work of the public high school." '93.

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

B. H. S. vs. Technology, at Brookline.

On the afternoon of April 5th, Brookline opened the baseball season by defeating a picked team from Tech. The Brookline boys had no difficulty in hitting the Tech pitcher, Winchester, and gained a lead early in the game which Tech could not overcome. The day was cold and damp, and, consequently, the fielding and throwing of both teams was at times ragged. The game was called in the seventh inning on account of darkness, with the score, Brookline, 11; Tech, 4.

Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	
B. H. S. . .	0	4	1	1	2	3	—11
Tech. . . .	1	1	1	1	0	0	—4

Batteries—B. H. S., Smith and Quigley; Tech, Winchester and Marsh. Umpire—Peet.

B. H. S. vs. Boston College Freshmen, April 9th, prevented by rain.

B. H. S. vs. Roxbury Latin, at Brookline.

April 11th Roxbury Latin School was defeated by the High School team by a score of 10 to 8. Brookline gained the lead by lively batting in the early part of the game, and held it to the end. Walsh excelled at the bat, while Delano did the best work in the field.

Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. H. S. . .	1	4	0	0	2	0	3	0	0	—10
R. L. S. . .	0	0	3	0	1	0	2	2	0	—8

Batteries—B. H. S., Smith, Barndollar and Quigley; R. L. S., Drisco and Clapp. Umpire—Timmins.

Arlington vs. B. H. S., at Brookline.

Brookline won its third game, April 15th, by defeating Arlington High 27 to 2. The team batted and fielded well, and Barndollar pitched excellent ball.

Score by innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Arlington . .	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	—2
B. H. S. . .	4	5	0	5	3	4	0	6	x	—27

Batteries—B. H. S., Barndollar and Quigley; A. H. S., Gott and Vietz.

B. H. S. vs. Alumni, at Brookline.

On Patriots' Day the High School team played the Alumni team to a standstill, the game being called at the end of the ninth inning with the score 10 to 10. The game was featureless and very slow.

Score.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. H. S. . .	0	1	3	0	0	3	1	2	0	—10
Alumni . .	1	0	1	2	0	1	2	3	0	—10

Batteries—Barndollar and Quigley; Hoole and Downes.

B. H. S. vs. Adams, at Quincy.

April 21st the team journeyed out to Quincy and defeated Adams Academy by a score of 29 to 7. Brookline batted hard and fielded cleanly, while Adams played very loosely in the field and were weak at the bat. Quigley and Pritchett excelled at the bat for Brookline, and Dexter and Pritchett did best in the field.

Score.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
B. H. S. . . .	9	0	11	2	1	3	2	1	—29
Adams Academy .	1	0	0	0	2	1	2	1	—7

B. H. S. vs. Harvard, '05, at Cambridge.

April 23d Brookline suffered her first defeat when the Harvard Freshmen defeated the team by a score of 10 to 2. All Brookline's runs were made in the first two innings After that they could not touch Smith, the Harvard pitcher. Harvard won out in the seventh inning by batting Barndollar. The feature was Quigley's throwing to bases.

Score.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Harvard, '05 .	0	2	1	0	2	0	0	5	x	—10
B. H. S. . .	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2

Batteries—Barndollar and Quigley.

B. H. S. vs. Malden, at Brookline.

April 29th Malden was defeated by Brookline by a score of 22 to 2 in a very one-sided game. The Malden pitcher was wild and was easy to hit. Malden left the field in the eighth inning on account of a dispute.

NEWS NOTES

Senekerim Megarian of Tarsus, Asia Minor, who was for a time a member of our school, is now attaining a high standard of scholarship in the Baltimore Medical College. Mr. Megarian hopes to practise in his native land.

On Friday morning, April 25th, Mrs. Walker gave the school a very pleasant half hour; she read a story by Mary Wilkins, and an original selection.

Maude Dutton, B. H. S., '98, Smith, '03, has received one of the highest honors bestowed upon members of her College. She has been chosen editor-in-chief of the Smith College Monthly for the coming year.

Grace Mason, B. H. S., '98, has been elected president of the Alpha Society at Smith College.

Mr. Ohashi, who attended this school a few years ago, recently gave a Japanese sword dance at the Pi Eta theatricals, Harvard, in native costume.

Miss Gratia Elbridge, formerly of the Third Class, has left school and returned to her home at Martha's Vineyard.

The B. H. S. was very well represented at theatricals given in Pierce Hall, Friday, April 18th.

The girls of the Junior Class gave their Fan Drill on April 16th, at Union Hall.

The Senior German Class is having a hard time learning the alphabet. One member recently began, "A, B, D, C."

Miss Grace Farquhar, '98, was married this April to Mr. Frederick Leavitt, also of Brookline.

On Friday, April 11th, seventeen boys from the eighth and ninth grades of the Lincoln School, gave us a remarkable exhibition of gymnastics under Mr. Nissen's direction.

Latest — Name unknown, brought by a stork, left at the headmaster's, marked "Yale, 1922." Poor Joe,—his nose is broken.

Mr. Perley O. Place, kindly remembered by many of his old pupils, is enjoying life as a member of the faculty of Syracuse University. He is teaching Suetonius, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Martial, and Juvenal. Shades of Cicero and Cæsar!

Events for May:

Senior Dance, May 9th.
Amateur Theatricals, May 16th.
Fourth Class Day, May 21st.
Field Day, May 29th.
Holiday, May 30th.

A former editor of The Sagamore, Miss Lillian Phillips, has just sent a greeting from Florence, Italy. She writes, "B. H. S. and all the teachers, there have given me much, and here I see and prize it more and more." Miss Phillips has been studying in Paris, and she hopes to spend some time in Germany before her return.

The Brookline Art Series, lately exhibited before the International Association, was designed and prepared by Miss Adeline Joyce, a graduate of the Brookline High School. During the past season Miss Joyce has been delighting Boston audiences with her impersonations of little folk.

Our manual training building, ready for use in September, is to be one of the very best in the country. No pains or expense is to be spared in its construction or equipment. This represents only one department of our school.

The physical laboratory is being wired for a heavy current from a new dynamo. There are to be fifteen outlets, each fitted with a plug, a key, and a cable, so that individual students can control their own supply of the electric fluid and use it for experiments. Verily, the world doth move.

Enthusiasm,—the Art Department is at fever heat over burnt wood work, wood carving, pottery, decorations, and the designing of tapestry.

The new cups offered by the head-master and the director of physical training as prizes for all-round physical development are beauties.

Robert Brewer, '99, is enjoying a year of travel in "furrin parts." He has been doing Athens and the Acropolis.

Miss Emily Locke, B. H. S., '95, expects to receive her A. M. degree at Columbia this summer. She has been offered a position of great importance, which she will probably accept.

George P. Sanborn, M. D., B. H. S., '93, is making a specialty just now of the effect of X-rays upon bacteria, and rumor has it that he has reached some valuable results. The doctor is an instructor at Harvard Medical.

Sh! There may come a new gym on the corner near the bath-house. Say a good word for it when the time comes.

Mr. Hiller Wellman, Brookline's librarian, an old graduate, has been promoted to the Springfield City Library. Congratulations!

Often heard in Room 10 last month, "I am going to bring Miss So-and-so to the Senior dance, and you must take a dance with her to help me out." "All right. You are in for it, too. Then you must take one with Miss What's-her-name, whom I am going to invite."

Spring has come, and the bright, many-colored socks are blooming noisily.

The Business Manager wishes the following announcement made:

A few copies of the June numbers of The Sagamore for 1900 and 1901 are desired, for which ten cents apiece will be paid to those who are willing to part with their copies.

Subscribers will confer a great favor by promptly notifying the Business Manager in case they do not receive their magazines, or if they wish The Sagamore sent them by mail.

Sagamores may be bound for forty cents a volume, and they make a very attractive, interesting book for reference in after years. Bound volumes for the back years of The Sagamore may also be had for sixty cents a volume.

Mr. Packard had a thrilling experience Saturday night, April the 19th. It is said that he was rudely awakened from a blissful sleep to find some Seniors who had come to turn in their physics note-books before the time limit expired — and to turn their wise preceptor out. What he said is not recorded, as he was too sleepy to open his mouth except to yawn.

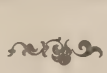
Some Seniors think that because they were asked to write out their names in the way that they wished them to appear on their diplomas, they are sure of these same diplomas, and that they need study no more.

Mr. Sanford is rounding up all possible candidates for the J. Murray Kay prizes. Look out!

Many of the spectators at the game between the High School and the Alumni tried desperately to remember when some of the "Alumni" had graduated, but it was too hard work.

It is too bad that the rest of the school cannot see the wonderful baseball games of the Seniors during gymnasium period. Such fine work ought not to go on unseen.

When Mr. Packard and his squad visited the Boston Herald building and saw the 7.30 evening edition published, they learned some interesting things. In the first place, newspapers are not made, nor do they even "just grow." They are created. A few machines make an awful racket, and you are told that the paper is leaving the station on such and such a train. The newspaper men don't look like liars, and you have to believe them, much against your will.



A comparison between the percentage of failure in the complete records of all candidates for admission to Harvard College, including the records of their successful preliminary examinations, and the percentage of failure of those from the Brookline High School.

	ELEMENTARY.					ADVANCED.			
	All Candidates.	Candidates from B. H. S.	All Candidates.	Candidates from B. H. S.		All Candidates.	Candidates from B. H. S.	All Candidates.	Candidates from B. H. S.
	1900	1900	1901	1901		1900	1900	1901	1901
English . . .	10.2	0	9.42	0	Greek	13.16	0	12.96	0
Greek	4.	0	3.18	0	Latin	23.45	50.	21.74	0
Latin	6.	0	3.91	0	Greek Comp.	10.56	—	16.45	0
German . . .	17.85	0	16.67	0	Latin Comp. .	20.21	0	22.84	0
French . . .	7.6	0	7.05	0	German . . .	30.	—	31.21	0
Hist.(Ancient)	8.2	—	10.46		French . . .	26.47	0	27.57	0
Hist.(Modern)	7.44	0	16.54	0	Sol. Geometry	22.58	0	27.78	0
Algebra . . .	14.	0	14.97	16.66	Logarithms &				
Pl. Geometry	26.60	20.	16.38	0	Trigonom. .	23.86	0	28.85	—
Geometry . .	24.	—	7.06	—	Algebra . . .		—		0
Physics . . .	18.44	0	17.07	0					

THE SAGAMORE

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COMMUNICATIONS may be left in the hands of the editors at school, or mailed to Henry A. Hirshberg, B. H. S., Brookline. Contributors will please write legibly on one side of the paper only and sign their names, which need not appear in print. All MSS. must be received by the middle of the preceding month; Rejected MSS. will be remailed to the owners if accompanied with the necessary postage.

SUBSCRIPTIONS — By mail, fifty cents a year, payable in advance. SINGLE COPIES — 10 cents. On sale at the Brookline News Co.'s store. SUBSCRIPTIONS are to be sent to the Business Manager, Arthur O. Christensen, 118 Davis avenue, Broolikne.

EDITORIALS

IN making this a "Catalogue Number," we feel confident that we are supplying a want long felt in the school. For the last two years the School Committee has deemed it advisable to do away with an unnecessary item of expense, by stopping the publication of a High School Catalogue. Unfortunately, however, the teachers, scholars and friends of the school have felt the loss keenly; but through the kindness of Mr. Aldrich, we now are enabled to publish, as a supplement to our regular number, a complete directory of the school, which, we trust, will be of great value to our subscribers and to the people of Brookline.

It is with great regret that we report the death of Mr J. Emory Hoar, who departed this life on March the twenty-ninth. Mr. Hoar was head-master of the High School from 1854 to 1888, and the first librarian of this town. As one of the School Committee he often visited us, and could most frequently be seen in the Greek and Latin recitation rooms. The painting in the reception room, given by his old pupils, is an excellent likeness of our great friend, and shows eloquently the happiness of disposition and cheerfulness of temperament of a true man.

On Friday, April 18th, we were treated to a profitable half-hour. Through the efforts of Dr. Roberts, Mr. R. C. Bowling, today a senior in the Harvard Law School, was induced to give us a talk on Freshman year at Harvard. To do this Mr. Bowling is as well qualified, we think, as any one possibly can be. He is adviser to some twenty-five Freshmen, he is a typical college man, a man of brain and a man of brawn. He is president of the Newell Boat Club, and a few weeks ago pulled the bow oar in the winning Law School boat. When William Jennings Bryan visited the University, Mr. Bowling made the address of welcome, and when Prince Henry honored Harvard with his presence Mr. Bowling was called upon to represent the student body. Yet throughout his speech our visitor mentioned not one of these facts, but in a modest, quiet way, gave us some good wholesome advice on what to do when we become students of fair Harvard or any other college; but we think Mr.

Bowling's achievements in themselves show eloquently what a fellow of determination and a proper sense of his own ability can do.

THEN AND NOW.

We understand that the pupils of our High School have lately revived the pleasant custom of hanging May baskets, but "with a difference." No longer are boxes of candy or wreaths of arbutus left on the door-knob at nightfall by merry girls, who scamper off in hopes of being chased. But science notebooks are now carefully deposited upon the teacher's doorstep at midnight's holy hour; and with staid and solemn tread the visitors depart, leaving the learned gentleman (after he has been thoroughly aroused by an electric bell) to enjoy in peace their interesting gifts. Truly, times have changed.

LOCALS

Question — What is so rare as a day in June?
Answer — The twenty-ninth of February.

One of the boys while visiting the photographic department in the Boston Herald building a few day ago, swallowed some photographic supplies, and now he has a well developed case of indigestion.

B—rd — "I am trying for the baseball team."
H—i — "It must be."
B—rd — "Must be what?"
H—i — "Trying for the baseball team."

The meeting of The Sagamore Board might well be called the bored Sagamore meeting.

Mr. Sanford, in political science class — "Now, pupils, I want you to look up this beef controversy, for you will find it a very meaty question."

In the trigonometry class: Teacher — "John, the example isn't correct. Didn't you neglect your sine?"
John — "Yes, sir."
Teacher — "Well, why don't you pay some attention to it?"
John — "I'm not superstitious. I don't believe in signs."

Heard in German class — "Why is 'sterben' conjugated with 'sein'?"
"Because it indicates change of place."

Mr. Sanford in speaking of the disastrous results of our war heroes engaging in politics, remarked, "The moment he opens his mouth he puts his foot in it."

Was Bowling Green? Well, I guess not.

DIRECTORY OF THE BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL FOR THE YEAR 1901-02.

School Calendar, 1901-02.

Fall term began . . . . Sept. 9, 1901	Fall term begins . . . . Sept. 8, 1902
Fall term ended . . . . Dec. 20, 1901	Fall term ends . . . . . Dec. 24, 1902
Winter term began . . Jan. 2, 1902	*Holidays.*— Nov. 29, 30, Feb. 22, Good Friday, April 19, May 30, June 17.
Winter term ended . . Mar. 27, 1902	
Spring term began . . . April 7, 1902	*School Hours.*—8.30 A. M. to 1.30 P. M.
Spring term ends . . . June 27, 1902	

Teachers.

D. S. Sanford, A.M. (Yale), Master, 48 Allerton st., *Political Science and Greek.*
J. C. Packard, A.M. (Wesleyan), Sub-Master, 14 Searle ave., *Physics and Mathematics.*
A. W. Roberts, A.B., A.M., Ph.D. (Harvard), 193 Aspinwall ave., *Latin and Greek.*
W. L. Snow, A.B. (Wesleyan, Harvard), A.M. (Harvard), 19 Harvard ave., *Latin and Mathematics.*
E. Case, A.B., A.M. (Brown), 21 Harvard ave., *Mathematics.*
M. S. Brooks, A.B. (Tufts), 17 Park vale, *French and German.*
Miss A. M. Johnson, A.B. (Vassar), A.M. (Cornell), 12 Kent st., *English and German.*
Miss Mary P. Frye (Boston Normal), 786 Washington st., *History and English.*
Miss A. May Frost, A.B. (Boston University), 26 Searle ave., *Latin.*
Miss Maud Appleton Hartwell, B.L. (Smith), 171 Massachusetts ave., Boston, *English and French.*
Miss Lula G. Adams, Ph.B. (Wesleyan), 673 Washington st., *German and French.*
Miss Bertha Cowan Marshall, B.S. (Lake Forest, Wellesley), 118 Davis ave., *History.*
Miss Mary I. Platt (Radcliffe), 18 Elm st., *Biology and Physical Geography.*
Miss Lillie C. Smith (Boston Normal School of Household Arts, Mass. Institute of Technology), 163 Huntington ave., Boston, *Domestic Science and Chemistry.*
E. P. Hutchinson, 92 Foster st., Brighton, *Manual Training.*
M. A. Bridgham, Hillside ave., Arlington Heights, *Manual Training.*
*Miss Irene Weir (Yale School of Fine Arts), 53 Mt. Vernon st., Boston, *Art.*
Miss Harriet A. Hitchcock, 45 Dale st., Roxbury, *Art.*
S. W. Cole (New England Conservatory), 9 Holyoke st., Boston, *Music.*
L. Schmitt (Normal School, North American Gymnastic Union), 70 Wyman st., Jamaica Plain, *Physical Training.*
H. Nissen (Kristiana Gymnastics School), 95 Newburg st., Roslindale, *Physical Training.*
Miss Abbie L. Paige, B.A. (Wellesley), *Secretary*, 118 Davis ave., *Greek and Latin.*

*Abroad on leave of absence.

SCHOLARS.

FIRST CLASS. Boys.—Average age, April 1, 18½ years.

Boyd, John T. Jr., 52 Harrison st. II.
Burr, Sidney A., 103 Coolidge st. III.
Calkins, George B., 16 Winchester st. II.
Christensen, Arthur O., 118 Davis av. II.
Gilbert, Lester F., 51 Harvard av. I.
Harrington, Fred'k C., 267 Boylston st. III.
Hirshberg, Henry A., 33 Coolidge st. I.
Jacobs, Philip C., 45 Auburn st. II.
Kernan, Edward H., 142 Pleasant st. III.
Lacy, Daniel G., 27 Juniper st. III.
Lally, Michael J., Clyde st. III.
Morrison, George S., 15 Thayer pl. IV.
*Pritchett, Edwin E., 337 Marlborough st., Boston. III.
Rowley, Henry E., 80 Mason ter. I.
Shelton, William B., 48 Allerton st. I.
Stranahan, Spencer U., 123 Addington rd. IV.
Talbot, Max L., 131 Sewall av. I.
Walsh, Henry V., 6 Tabor pl. III.
Webb, Stuart W.. 49 Harris st. I.
Wilbor, Otis, 1487 Beacon st. IV.

FIRST CLASS. Girls.—Average age, April 1, 18⅝ years.

Adams, Eleanor F., 13 Shailer st. I.
Balch, Mary E., 55 Marion st. IV.
Barnes, Helen S., 48 Allerton st. IV.
Bush, Helen L., 179 Aspinwall av. IV.
Cook, Ellen T., 32 Kent st. IV.
Dexter, Delia C., 390 Harvard st. III
Dickerson, Magdalene, 5 Gorham av. IV.
*Fillebrown, Helen T., 148 Strathmore rd., Aberdeen. I.
Flanders, Helen B., 39 Auburn st. II.
Gooding, Helen L., 116 Marion st. II.
Greene, Florence E., 4 Washburn pl. IV.
Hayes, Grace T., 24 White pl. IV.
Kelley, Esther A., 98 Brook st. IV.
Kelly, Margaret V., 128 Cypress st. IV.
Kimball, Grace, 6 Fairmount st. IV.
*Laubham, Gertrude A., 15 Orkney rd., Aberdeen. IV.
Leland, Elizabeth C., 58 Irving st. IV.
Long, Marguerite A., 11 Holden st. IV.
Lyndon, Bessie F., 115 School st. II.
Manning, Frances G., Clark rd. II.
Morse, Emily G., Davis av. IV.
Murphy, Maude A., 19 Bowker st. IV.
Ordway, Helen W., 81 Francis st. II
Parker, Carolyn P., 142 St. Paul st. IV.
Stranahan, Anna R., 123 Addington rd. IV.
Taylor, Mary, 294 Walnut st. IV.
Turner, Beatrice C., 127 Harvard st. I.
Webber, Helen E., 7 Wellington ter. IV.

SECOND CLASS. Boys.—Average age, April 1, 17 7-12.

Ainsworth, Paul, 531 Washington st. IV.
Allen, Leon L., 209 Washington st. III.
*Archibald, David W., Chestnut Hill av., Brighton. III.
Bartlett, Geoffrey, 160 Kent st. II.
Bittenbender, S. Theodore, 13 Longwood av. IV.
Brett, George L., 8 Columbia st. IV.
Bynner, Edwin T., 1478 Beacon st. II.
Cape, John J., 48 Allerton st. II.
*Clark, Edward L., 75 Pleasant st., Newton Centre. III.
Converse, Herbert L., 50 Harris st. III.
Cook, James H., Goodwin pl. IV.
Crocker, Albert L., 150 Cypress st. I.
Cronin, Arthur C., 676 Washington st. II
Delano, George W., 362 Washington st. III.
Dexter, W. Dunbar, Jr., Dean rd. I.
*Farley, Eliot, 148 Foster st., Cambridge. I.
*Flint, Ralph D., 126 Kilsyth rd., Boston. I.
Floyd, Charles B., 50 St. Paul st. IV.
Heilborn, Jerome E., 503 Washington st. III.
Hoover, Walter T., 233 Harvard st. IV.
Hopkins, Walter A., Winthrop rd. IV.
Lahee, Frederick H., 154 Harvard st. II.
LeMoyne, Henry, 93 Pleasant st. III.
McNally, Thomas E., 779 Washington st. II.
Perkins, Herbert, 129 Center st. II.
*Pritchett, Leonard W., 337 Marlborough st., Boston. II.
Quigley, William A. Jr., 1471 Beacon st. IV.
Quinlan, John V., 52 High st. III.
Sears, Edward H. 91 Prospect st. I.
Shine, James P., 216 Freeman st. III.
Smith, Warren S., 21 Addington rd. II.
Sylvester, Dana S., 5 Harvard av. I.
Taylor, Horace, 294 Walnut st., I.
Thompson, Warren D., 125 Addington rd. III.
Tomlin, Robert K., 41 Waverly st. I.
Townsend, Richard S., Hawthorn rd. III.
Tylee, Arthur K., 7 Washburn ter. II.
Wheeler, Stephen, 87 Perry st. IV.

*Non-resident.

SECOND CLASS. GIRLS.—Average age, April 1, 17½ years.

Baker, Rita I., 229 High st. IV.
Barthelmes, Etta G., 93 Harvard st. IV.
Beard, Bonniebelle, 26 Gardner rd. IV.
Blodgett, Margaret P., 118 Davis av. I.
Cahill, M. Theresa, 110 Chestnut st. IV.
Christensen, Andrea R., 118 Davis av. III.
Colby, Hortense, 2 Webster st. IV.
Collins, Hazel F., 71 School st. II.
Edmands, Violet, Devon rd., Chestnut Hill. II.
Eglee, Helen, 24 Williams st. I.
Farrington, Florence, 80 Sewall av. I.
French, A. Lemira, 25 Fuller st. IV.
Gooding, Marjorie, 116 Marion st. IV.
Higgins, Georgia M., 11 Walnut st. IV.
Jonsson, Alice V. S., 9 Devotion st. IV.
Kendall, Ruth F., 44 Marion st. IV.
McLaughlin, Elizabeth M., 283 Boylston st. IV.
McMackin, Olive E., 16 Brington rd. IV.
Morse, Lilla N., 43 School st. II.
Mulcahy, Rena, 33 Kendall st. III.
Norris, Ethel, 5 Mason ter. IV.
*Perrin, Marguerite, 123 Kilsyth rd., Boston. II.
Powers, Alice O., Colbourne cres. IV.
Pratt, Lora W., 131 Davis av. II.
Purcell, Rosemary, 283 Pond av. II.
Remington, Leonora, 24 Mason ter. IV.
Schoenthal, Yetta E., 8 Kenwood st. IV.
Simonds, Josephine A., 16 Elm st. IV.
Slack, Edwina L., 199 Longwood av. IV.
Snow, Helen H., 105 Thorndike st. IV.
Stiles, Marion F., 123 Davis av. IV.
Trowbridge, Laura, 73 Naples rd. IV.
Trueblood, E. Winifred, 156 Cypress st. II.
Turley, Margaret T., 118 Brook st. IV.
Webber, Katharine O., 7 Wellington ter. III.
Whitman, Katherine B., 159 Washington st. IV.
*Whitman, M. Olivia, 3 Beacon st., Chestnut Hill. II.

THIRD CLASS. BOYS.—Average age, April 1, 16 7-12 years.

Averill, Harvey E., 23 Thorndike st. I.
Barndollar, Frank, Jr., 11 Gorham av. II.
Bartlett, Clifford, 160 Kent st. II.
Beard, Cornelius, Jr., 26 Gardner rd. III.
Blake, Francis G., 471 Washington st. I.
Blanchard, Gordon, 5 Regent circle. III.
Brackett, Raymond O., 10 Webster st. III.
Brownell, William M., 62 Pleasant st. III.
Campbell, Philip D., 6 Foster st. IV.
Carlisle, Walter G., Cor. Shailer & Centre sts. I.
Cook, William W., 3 Goodwin pl. III.
Crawford, Norman L., Warren st. III.
Defriez, Thaddeus C., 537 Washington st. I..
Dutton, Ernst W., 1372 Beacon st. II.
Erhard, Emile H., 4 Walnut ter. III.
Gibson, Alec C., 83 Francis st. II.
Gibson, George W., Goddard av. III.
Goldberg, Jacob J., 26 Washington st. III.
Hill, Wolcott F., 386 Washington st. III.
*Hobart, Earle T., 683 Commonwealth av., Newton Centre. I.
Hollander, Wilkie B., 76 Monmouth st. II.
Iverson, Neal, 81 St. Paul st. III.
Johnson, Sidney H., 213 Clark rd. II.
Keefe, Charles J., 24 Winthrop pl. III.
Kemp, Harvey L., 18 Davis av. III.
Kenrick, Charles A., 15 Searle av. III.
Kerrigan, Walter V., 15 Beal st. IV.
Kickham, Charles J., 19 Kendall st. IV.
Lincoln, Carl E., 132 Summit av. III.
Love, Thomas M., 4 Ackers av. III.
Lyndon, Percy E., 115 School st. III.
MacDonald, Raymond L., 50 Brook st. III.
Mason, Waldo R., 94 Dudley st. II.
Miles, Herbert J., 70 Gorham av. I.
Mitchell, Harold L., 43 Harvard av. III.
Mitchell, John W., 5 Milton rd. III.
Page, Phillips W., 78 Cypress st. II.
Perry, Joseph, 135 Park st. IV.
Potter, Raymond A., 67 Winchester st. I.
Quinlan, Harold J., 52 High st. III.
Quinlan, Walter A., 137 Walnut st. I.
Ritchie, John, 268 Walnut st. III.
Robart, Edwin A., 5 Holden st. III.
Robinson, Frank A., 20 Searle av. I.
Shine, William C., 216 Freeman st. III.
Smith, William K., 113 Harvard st. III.
*Stetson, Howard, 1988 Commonwealth av., Brighton. I.
Stiles, Winthrop A., 123 Davis av. III.
Stranahan, Robert, 123 Addington rd. I.
Talbot, G. Stanley, 131 Sewall av. I.
Tenney, Roger C., Hotel Colchester, Beacon st. I.
Tuscher, Samuel A., 47 White pl. IV.
Watson, Henry R., 135 Winthrop rd. II.
Weeks, John H., 25 Waverly st. III.
Weeks, Warren C., 25 Waverly st. III.
Wetherell, Carl B., 45 Kilsyth rd. I.
Wilcock, William H., 1017 Beacon st. IV.
Young, Dexter, 115 Toxteth st. III.

*Non-resident.

THIRD CLASS. GIRLS.—Average age, April 1, 16 5-6 years.

Allen, Hazel L., 465 Washington st. I.
Andrews, Louise, 220 Walnut st. II.
Atkins, Beulah M., 371 Walnut st. II.
Barndollar, Francis E., 11 Gorham av. II.
Barrey, Grace A., Chestnut Hill. II.
Batty, Annie B., Heath st. IV.
Bentley, Alice J., 11 Kendall st. III.
Bishop, Leta H., The Abbotsford. II.
Burpee, Carolyn M., 40 Auburn st. II.
Cheever, Marguerite B., 15 Centre st. IV.
Cochrane, C. Agnes, 10 Morss av. IV.
Crafts, Florence B., 139 Toxteth st. IV.
Cumston, Charlotte, 5 Monmouth pl. II.
Downer, Ethel, 10 Davis av. IV.
Eldridge, Gratia W., 689 Wash. st. II.
Fish, Mabeth C., 741 Washington st. IV.
Foley, F. Anetta, 7 Kendall st. IV.
Gowen, Ethel E., 109 Harvard st. IV.
Hann, Carolyn, 162 Mason ter. II.
Hayes, Stella B., 24 White pl. IV.
Henry, Marjorie L., 70 Clark rd. IV.
Hickey, Eleanor K., 7 Kendall st. III.
Hill, Mary F., 102 Cypress st. IV.
Hind, Grace M., 100 Francis st. IV.
Hirshberg, Minna E., 1678 Beacon st. IV.
*Holton, Grace W., 10 Benson st., Brighton. III.
Howley, Lizzie G., 20 Winthrop pl. IV.
Jacquin, Ethel, 129 Park st. IV.
Jolly, Gwendolyn A. P., 225 Clark rd. IV.
Jolly, Hilda M. P., 225 Clark rd. IV.
Jones, Margaret I., 25 Elm st. IV.
Kellogg, Grace, 51 Addington rd. II.
Kerr, Jessie, 43 Stearns rd. III.
Kimball, Mary F., 6 Fairmount st. IV.
Kopf, Hattie L., 240 Babcock st. IV.
Lahee, Florence E., 152 Harvard st. II.
Leary, Helen M., 778 Washington st. III.
Mason, Cosima, 94 Dudley st. II.
Mason, Pauline, 32 Fuller st. IV.
McCarty, Anna L., Walnut pl. IV.
McGrath, Mary V., 53 Walter av. III.
McMahon, Margaret E., 14 Kerrigan pl. IV.
Morse, Florence A., 49 Sumner rd. II.
Mulcahy, M. Theresa, 33 Kendall st. IV.
North, Eloise C., Edgehill rd. II.
Phinney, Winifred A., 32 Kent sq. II.
Pool, Daisy G., 94 Brook st. IV.
Reardon, Theresa L., 25 Emerald st. IV.
Rourke, Anna A., Upper Boylston st. IV.
Stone, Mary G., 36 High st. IV.
Tuckerman, Leila H., 60 Waverly st. II.
Waite, Constance, 540 Washington st. II.

FOURTH CLASS. BOYS.—Average age, April 1, 15⅔ years.

Allen, Eugene E., 11 Linden st. II.
Allen, Francis P., 46 Gorham av. II.
Anderson, Edward B., 82 Brook st. III.
Babcock, William R., 50 Davis av. I.
Brett, Chester S., 8 Columbia st. II.
Brown, Albert D., 430 Harvard st. II.
Bush, Arthur P. Jr., 179 Aspinwall av. III.
Butler, Herbert W., 4 Davis av. II.
Buxton, Herman A., 1 Harvard ct. III.
Carmody, John J., 118 Cypress st. III.
Carver, Albert M., 2 Hurd rd. III.
Chandler, Henry P., 411 Washington st. II.
Clark, Gentry, 247 Kent st. III.
Colman, Paul F., 12 Kent st. II.
Craven, William F., Goddard av. III.
Creelman, A. Noble, 41 Brook st. III.
Crocker, John F., 459 Washington st. I.
Cunningham, Stephen J., 1 Mulford st. III.
Damon, Otto J., 380 Washington st. III.
Downer, Fred W. Jr., 10 Davis av. III.
Driscoll, George T., 1 Morss av. III.
Erhard, Henry A., 4 Walnut ter. II.
Finnegan, Redmond, Boylston st. III.
Fletcher, Walter H., 68 Chestnut st. III.
Floyd, Richard C., 50 St. Paul st. II.
Furfey, Frederick F., 116 Chestnut st. III.
Gilman, Francis D., 53 Addington rd. I.
Hauthaway, Clarence L., 1043 Beacon st. II.
Heintzemann, George A., 657 Washington st. III.
Holbrook, William P., 39 Addington rd. I.
Jones, Arthur S., 14 Webster pl. I.
Kelley, Thomas J., 128 Chestnut st. III.
Kellogg, Alfred G., 51 St. Paul st. III.
Kirker, J. Edward, 13 Harvard st. IV.
Leland, Joseph D., 58 Irving st. III.
Lincoln, E. Stoddard, 132 Summit av. III.
Long, Caleb W., 11 Holden st. III.
Lyons, John M., 56 Addington rd. II.
MacMillan, Stanley L., 311 Boylston st. I.
Mangan, John G., 96 Brook st. III.
Marcyes, Francis H. 87 Brookline av. III.
McCormack, Alphonsus, 201 Davis av. IV.
McCormick, J. Laurence, 1 Brington rd. III.
McCue, Walter F., Ackers av. III.
McGuire, James, Heath st. IV.
McNutt, Lowell D., 80 School st. II.
Miller, John, 1443 Beacon st. II.
Morey, Edwin, 1569 Beacon st. III.
Murray, Dewitt, 229 Boylston st. II.
Newhouse, Arthur N., 498 Harvard st. III.
Norcross, Bartlett S., 42 Harris st. III.

*Non-resident.

O'Brien, Thomas F., 11 Harvard st. IV.
Ordway, Richmond, 81 Francis st. III.
Pettis, William J. Jr., 471 Washington st. III.
Raftery, Thomas P., 778 Boylston st. IV.
Rice, Austin R., Clark rd. III.
Rich, Chester F., 328 Washington st. IV.
Rich, Leslie G., 328 Washington st. III.
Richards, John J. Jr., 212 Aspinwall av. III.
Robart, William A., 5 Holden st. III.
Roberts, Morris F., 193 Aspinwall av. I.
Sampson, Gordon G., 83 Francis st. III.
Slack, Harry A., 199 Longwood av. III.
Stanford, John, 36 School st. IV.
Sullivan, James W., 38 Pearl st. III.
Thomas, J. Francis, 17 Thayer pl. III.
Thulin, Ralph C., 5 Cameron st. I.
Tomlin, Harold G., 41 Waverly st. III.
Ulman, Brooke C., Norfolk rd. III.
White, Andrew J., 779 Boylston st. II.
Winchester, Fitch A., 2 Marion ter. II.

FOURTH CLASS. GIRLS.—Average age, April 1, 15½ years.

Aldrich, Evelyn H., 227 Aspinwall av. I.
Andrews Mildred P., 98 University rd. III.
Bartlett, Dellie R., 19 Searle av. I.
Bishop, Alice L. V., 4 Marion ter. II.
Blair, Margaret A., Richmond ct., Beacon st. II.
Bond, Natalie, 72 Harvard st. III.
Boyd, Margaret I., 52 Harrison st. II.
Chick, Helen G., 222 Babcock st. III.
Christensen, Abby W., 118 Davis av. I.
Church, Hortense, 156 Harvard st. IV.
Cloonan, Frances G., 179 Pond av. III.
Coburn, May, 38 Coolidge st. IV.
Coleman, Emily R., Boylston st., Chestnut Hill. IV.
Collins, Frances, 71 School st. II.
Cook, Gertrude A., 32 Kent st. II.
Cormerais, Elizabeth, 124 Harvard st. III.
Cotter, Isabell A., 132 Washington st. III.
Delano, M. Stella, 362 Washington st. II.
Dirksmeyer, Agnes E., 356 Washington st. II.
Dormon, Marion C., 203 High st. III.
Downs, Grace A., 227 Pond av. III.
Dresser, Mavla, 67 St. Paul st. III.
Duffy, Mary E., 31 Villa lane. IV.
Dunbar, Helen, 156 Mason ter. I.
Edmands, Rosie, Devon st., Chestnut Hill. II.
Evans, Ethel M., 15 Bowker st. IV.
Freeman, Ethelyn M., 231 Boylston st. III.
Funk, Hazel M., 83 Brook st. II.
Gallagher, Marguerite, 5 Park vale. I.
Gallagher, Mary A. J., Dudley st. III.
Gifford, Helen L., 26 High st. II.
Guth, Fannie T., 49 Addington rd. II.
Hallett, Florence L., 1491 Beacon st. II.
Hedlund, Nellie, Perkins st., Jamaica Plain. II.
Hill, Josephine, Heath st., Chestnut Hill. III.
Hill, Vercy H., 386 Washington st. II.
Hirt, Alice A., Cor. Grove & South sts. III.
King, Ethel G., Harvard av. II.
Lacey, Mary A., 268 Cypress st. III.
Lewis, Effie M., 26 Aspinwall av. II.
Lyndon, Gertrude W., 115 School st. II.
MacDonald, Marian W., 50 Brook st. II.
Maguire, Beatrice C., Davis ct. IV.
Marter, Stella G., 43 University rd. III.
McDonald, Elizabeth J., 66 Chestnut st. III.
McGinnis, Mary A. 215 Freeman st. IV.
McKenzie, Bathia, Woodland rd. IV.
McNally, Katherine M., 779 Washington st. III.
Merriam, Bertha L., Hotel Royal, Beacon st. II.
Mitchell, Hilda, 43 Harvard av. II.
Molineaux, Elise A., 1723 Beacon st. III.
Morse, Carrie E. 43 School st. III.
Newman, Alice M. H., 345 Boylston st. III.
Niver, Miriam A., 461 Audubon rd. II.
Noland, Mae E., 13 Harvard st. II.
Norton, Pauline A., 37 Linden pl. III.
O'Loughlin, Alice C., 54 Cypress st. III.
Palmer, Louise E., Newton st. III.
Patten, Caroline W., 1353 Beacon st. IV.
Phillips, Elsie M., 14 Homer st. III.
Phillips, Eva P., 42 Brook st. III.
Pollard, Bessie L., 645 Washington st. II.
Ractliffe, Mercy J., 128 Chestnut st. III.
Ritchie, Janet, 268 Walnut st. I.
Rogers, Bertha A., 34 Babcock st. I.
Russell, Florence M., 60 Park st. II.
Ryan, Agnes J., 33 Juniper st. II.
Sargent, Adelaide, 99 Thorndike st. II.
Sargent, Mildred, 99 Thorndike st. II.
Schmeltz, Helen L., 129 Park st. IV.
Shillady, Bessie S., 1 Hurd rd. III.
Smith, Mildred F., 3 Aspinwall av. III.
Spitz, Irene C., 17 Thorndike st. IV.
Taylor, Margaret, 294 Walnut st. I.
Walker, Elsie E., 173 Davis av. II.
Ward, Mary T., 76 Pearl st. III.
Weber, Helen, 27 Centre st. II.
Wheeler, Norma P., 1647 Beacon st. IV.
Whitmore, Annie M., 19 Naples rd. II.
Whittemore, Marion St. C., 460 Walnut st. III.
Woods, Bessie A., Warren st. IV.

SPECIAL STUDENTS.

Boys.

Komori Samurai, 1577 Beacon st.
Tsuchiya, Toshiyas, Old Orchard rd., Chestnut Hill.

Girls.

Bachelder, Alice G., Fuller st.
Beard, Consuelo, 26 Gardner rd.
Lord, Bessie F., 3 Coolidge st.
Richards, Eleanor M., Fisher av.

SUMMARY.

	Boys.	Girls.
First Class	20	28
Second Class	38	37
Third Class	58	52
Fourth Class	71	81
Special Pupils	2	4
	189	202
		189
Total		391

Requirements for Admission to the High School.

All who do not come directly from the Brookline Grammar Schools, or who do not present a certificate of graduation from schools of equal standing, will be examined in the following subjects: —

English Literature.— American authors.

English Composition.— Letters, simple description, and narrative.

Arithmetic.— The four fundamental operations, fractions, percentage with its applications, interest, simple proportion, square root, and mensuration.

Algebra.— Addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, factoring and fractions, and the simple equation.

Geography.— Physical and Commercial.

History.— United States and English.

Latin or English Grammar, French.— The Primer of English Grammar, by Dr. R. Morris, is suggested as indicating the amount which will satisfy the examiners. In Latin, the candidate should be prepared to read Cæsar, but there will be a beginner's class started for those who have not previously studied the language. Some knowledge of French is also desirable, although not absolutely essential, for those who are to join the college preparatory classes.

By vote of the School Committee, the price for tuition of non-residents has been fixed at $100 per annum.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The curriculum of the School is broad and flexible, affording superior advantages to all its students. Certain subjects are required, others are elective. There are four courses of study. The constants occurring in all courses, although in varying proportions, are English, history, mathematics, the natural sciences, art, and physical training. Elective courses of from two to four years' duration are offered in the ancient and modern languages and in manual training.

Three courses, the *classical*, *sub-classical*, and *technical*, furnish thorough preparation for all who wish to enter college, scientific or technical schools; and the *general* course, in which there is a greater range of electives, provides generously for those who complete their academic training in the High School.

Candidates for college, scientific and technical schools, elect courses and subjects according to the requirements of the institution which they expect to enter.

An outline of the courses provided is given below, the figures showing the number of recitation periods per week. Every pupil is supposed to have fifteen periods of prepared work. Laboratory subjects,— science, manual training, mechanical drawing, and art,— are rated at half the number of periods assigned to them.

COURSE I. (Classical.)

Three foreign languages (one modern); prepares for any college.

1ST YEAR.		2D YEAR.		3D YEAR.		4TH YEAR.	
English Lit., ½ yr.	5	English & History	3	History & English	3	English	3
Greek Hist., ½ yr.	5	Mathematics	3	Greek	5	*Latin	5
Mathematics	4	Latin	5	Mathematics	3	*Greek	5
Latin	5	Greek	5	Latin	5	*French	4
Art	2	*Art	2	*French	3	*Physics	5
*French	4	*French	3	*Physics	4	*German	5
						*Mathematics	3

COURSE II. (Sub-Classical.)

Two or three foreign languages (no Greek); prepares for Latin-Scientific courses at college.

1ST YEAR.		2D YEAR.		3D YEAR.		4TH YEAR.	
English Lit., ½ yr.	5	English & History	3	History & English	3	English	3
Greek Hist., ½ yr.	5	Mathematics	3	Mathematics	3	Latin	5
Mathematics	4	Latin	5	Latin	5	*German	5
Latin	5	*Art	2	*Physics	4	*French	4
Art	2	*French	3	*German	5	*Political Science	3
*French	4	*German	5	*Art	2	*Mathematics	3
				*French	3	†Physics	5
						†Chemistry	5

* Elective.
† Alternatives.

COURSE III. (TECHNICAL.)

One or two modern languages; prepares for scientific and technical schools.

1ST YEAR.	2D YEAR.	3D YEAR.	4TH YEAR.
English Lit., ½ yr. 5	English & History 3	English & History 3	English Literature 3
Anc. Hist., ½ yr. . 5	Mathematics . . 3	Mathematics . 3	Political Science . 3
Mathematics . . 4	M. Draw. { for { 4	Physics 4	M. Draw. { for { 2
†Zoology and Bot. 4	Man. T. { boys { 4	M. Draw. { for { 4	Man. T. { boys { 4
†French 4	Dom. Sci. { for { 4	Man. T. { boys { 4	D. Sci. (for girls) 4
M. Draw. { for { 4	Art . . . { girls { 2	Dom. Sci. { for { 4	†Physics 5
Man. T. { boys { 4	*Physical Geog'y, 4	HomeDec. { girls { 2	†Chemistry . . . 5
Dom. Sci. { for { 4	*French 3	*French 3	*French 4
Art . . . { girls { 2	*German 5	*German 5	*German 5
			*Mathematics . . 3

COURSE IV. (GENERAL.)

This aims to give a well-rounded education, and offers numerous options, which must be determined by the advice of the Head Master.

1ST YEAR.	2D YEAR.	3D YEAR.	4TH YEAR.
English Lit., ½ yr. 5	English & History 3	English & History 4	English 4
Anc. Hist., ½ yr. . 5	Art 2	Physics 4	Chemistry . . . 5
Mathematics . . 4	*Mathematics . . 3	*Art 2	Political Science . 3
Art 2	*Latin 5	*Mathematics . . 3	*Art 2
Zool. and Botany 4	*French 3	*Latin 5	*Mathematics . . 3
*Latin 5	*German 5	*French 3	*French 3
*French 4	*Manual Training 4	*German 5	*German 5
*Bookkeeping . . 4	*Domestic Science 4	*Mech. Drawing 4	*Manual Training 4
*Manual Training 4		*Manual Training 4	*Domestic Science 4
*Domestic Science 4		*Domestic Science 4	*History of Art . 1

* Electives.
† Alternatives.

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Robert's Nepos.
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Wentworth's Plane Trigonometry.

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The other two prizes, also of equal value, will be awarded in the senior class, for the best essays on "The History of the Brookline Public Library and Its Relation to the General Library Movement," "The History of Physical Training and Athletics in the Brookline High School," "A Comparison of the Government of Brookline and That of Washington, D. C."

The essays must be completed and handed in by May 15, 1902. The award of all the prizes will be made at the graduating exercises in June.

The following were the contestants for the *J. Murray Kay Oratorical Prizes*, June 14, 1901:—Harold Barrett, Henry A. Hirshberg, Harold M. Richards, Charles F. Rowley, Harold M. Woodbury, Alice N. Averill, Helen T. Fillebrown, Sara C. Friendly, Olive E. McMackin, Rosemary Purcell.

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The William H. Lincoln Prizes consist of five medals, which will be awarded as follows:—

I. FOR EXCELLENCE IN ENGLISH.

A gold medal will be given to a member of the first class, for proficiency in English.

The basis of award will be, in addition to the required work of the year, a special examination, and an essay on a subject to be announced. Contributions to *The Sagamore*, the school paper, will be given suitable credit in estimating a student's standing in English.

II. FOR EXCELLENCE IN MODERN LANGUAGES.

A silver medal will be given to a member of the first class for marked proficiency in either French or German.

The basis of award will be, in addition to the required work of the year, an oral and written test. This year the prize will be given for excellence in French.

III. FOR EXCELLENCE IN THE CLASSICS.

A silver medal will be given for the best scholar in Greek or Latin of the first class.

The basis of award will be, in addition to the required work of the year, tests in translation, sight and prepared, and in prose composition. This year the medal will be given for proficiency in Latin.

IV. FOR EXCELLENCE IN PHYSICS.

A silver medal will be given to the member of the second class who succeeds best in the required laboratory work of the year.

V. FOR EXCELLENCE IN MATHEMATICS.

A silver medal will be given to the member of the second class who passes most satisfactorily an examination in the year's mathematics.

Prize Winners for the Year 1900--01.

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Subject: "Suggested and Actual Changes in Brookline's Government since 1870." Waldo M. Richards, Robert E. Blakeslee.

ELOCUTION.

Boys' Prize (prize divided) — Charles F. Rowley; selection, "Lincoln." Henry A. Hirshberg; selection, "American Courage."

Girls' Prize — Olive E. McMackin; selection, "Michael Strogoff."

THE WILLIAM H. LINCOLN PRIZE MEDALS.

For excellence in English — Gold medal, won by Ruth R. Blodgett.
For excellence in German — Silver medal, won by Helen G. Holmes.
For excellence in Greek — Silver medal, won by Harriet T. Kitchel.
For excellence in Physics — Silver medal, won by Martin J. Cochrane.
For excellence in Mathematics — Silver medal, won by Henry A. Hirshberg.

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Radcliffe	16	Boston University	5	Tufts	3
Lawrence Scientific School	17	Williams	7	Hamilton	1
Yale	3	Amherst	1	Vassar	4
Princeton	1	Dartmouth	2	Smith	38
Cornell	1	Bowdoin	1	Wellesley	1
				Bryn Mawr	2

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THIRD CLASS. CLASS OF 1904.

President, Carl B. Wetherell; Vice-President, Florence A. Morse; Secretary, Louise Andrews; Treasurer, G. Stanley Talbot.

FOURTH CLASS. CLASS OF 1905.

President, Eugene E. Allen; Vice-President, Margaret I. Boyd; Secretary and Treasurer, John Miller.

Brookline High School Athletic Association.

President, Warren D. Thompson, 1903; Vice-President, William A. Quigley, 1903; Secretary, Charles B. Floyd, 1903; Treasurer, John C. Packard.

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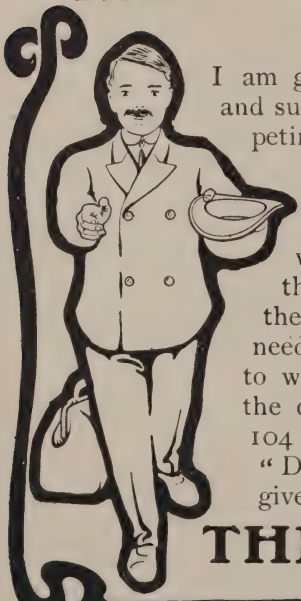

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JUNE

1902

GRADUATION NUMBER

THE SAGAMORE

CONTENTS

The Class of Nineteen Two 211
Prizes and Prize Winners 216
Athletics 219
Physical Training 222
Gold Medal Essay 225
Editorials 232
News Notes 234
Locals 236
Resolutions on Death of Waldo Richards 237

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CLASS OF 1902, B. H. S.

THE SAGAMORE

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—WINTHROP'S JOURNAL

VOLUME 8 JUNE, 1902 NUMBER 8

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED TWO

WE entered the Brookline High School in September, '98, a wonderfully mature and promising class, in our own estimation. During that year our experiences were varied, and many of them were entirely unlooked for on our part.

We were much impressed by the dignity of the Seniors, and were much appalled by the unaccustomed surroundings in which we found ourselves. Some of us in Division A^3 labored under a drill in Latin idioms with Miss Frost; others led Mr. Tryon a life of misery over Nepos and Cæsar; while most of us wearily trudged through the bewildering mazes of Algebra and Ancient History. Mr. Wilson evidently despaired of ever getting the Algebra through our heads, for he went west in the middle of the year and we did not see him again for several months. In the meantime we struggled on with substitutes, and in spite of our enjoyment of the situation we did pity those substitutes. Miss Frye, however, stood by us, and helped us out.

At our first class meeting, which outdid all previous Freshman class meetings in point of parliamentary irregularity, we elected for class president, Harris Barbour; for vice-president, Marion White; for secretary and treasurer, Frances Manning.

Miss Howells taught us gymnastics, and we grew rapidly physically as well as mentally during our first High School year. Some of the boys took manual training, while one and all were submitted to a year's course in art. This was certainly a trial for those not artistically inclined. Some of us can still remember those intensely impressionistic green and blue sketches of the surrounding country

which we felt were distinctly disloyal to this beautiful town of ours.

In spite of the fact that we were much overawed by being pupils of the Brookline High School, we still retained some of the kittenish tricks of the grammar school. This tendency to levity manifested itself in many ways. The pastimes of throwing paper about and tying the curtain cords to the desks in such a way that unsuspecting victims would come to a sudden and rather inconvenient stop were especially enjoyed. One member of the class, indeed, delighted in bringing odoriferous chemicals into school, and filling the ink-wells, to the sorrow of his long-suffering schoolmates.

Matches were a source of great amusement to this class, and of deep chagrin to Mr. Tryon, who was apt to find the floor of Room 18 covered with them. We hope the readers of The Sagamore will not form too bad an opinion of us from these tales of our early years, for we assure them we have outgrown all such conduct.

When we came back from our summer vacation, we missed from our ranks several who had entered the school with us. Among them were Harris Barbour, John Chenery, Adele Knapp, and Marion White; but we were comforted by the coming of Helen Webber, George Calkins, Edward Mosely, and Sidney Burr.

Our class meeting that year was much more sedate and proper than our first one, perhaps because Mr. Wilson presided, and we chose for president, Edward Mosely; for vice-president, Frances Manning; and for secretary and treasurer, Helen Gooding.

During our Sophomore year we were allowed many privileges; we sat farther front in the hall, and could look patronizingly at the little Freshmen behind us, instead of gazing longingly at the stalwart Juniors ahead of us all the time. We studied in the library, when our motives for so doing had been sufficiently investigated; we were admitted to the painful horrors of declamation; we were offered the opportunity of taking part in the Public day; and, as the crowning glory and agony, we were also given the opportunity of taking part in the mid-year examinations. This last privilege rather took the feather from our cap, so to speak, but we accepted it as a part of our added importance, and did not complain so very much.

It cannot be said truthfully that we were much changed in morals;

we enjoyed anything out of order quite as much as we ever did, and instead of confining ourselves to peppermint and sulphur, we extended our powers to a larger field. We began to study animal life. An innocent-looking dog strayed into our building and came under the eye of Mr. Sanford. The head-master expressed the wish that the dog be put out, when in an instant there arose a shout and a scuffle, and a badly frightened dog scuttled down the corridor, made a dash for the stairs, and blindly rushed out the front door, followed by zealous pursuers.

The Greek class had a cat, an emaciated, anxious looking animal, evidently of a classical turn of mind, for she appeared with the most perfect regularity at the beginning of each period. One day when the class became too much interested in the gentle feline, Miss Paige requested one of the class to put kitty out. She still remembers that particularly infantile member of III. Greek skipping wildly about the room in pursuit of the beast, utterly disregarding such trifles as desks and chairs, while the teacher looked on in horrified amazement.

In the spring Mlle. Gerlach left us, and Mr. Brooks came to teach us French. As this was the first time we had seen him, we were perfectly docile, but since he has come to know us better we are afraid he may have changed his opinion.

Our Junior year certainly was exciting. When we came back, we found things very much changed. Dr. Roberts, Mr. Case, Mr. Nissen, Mr. Schmidt, and Miss Platt, had come to join our faculty. We worked harder than we ever had before, and we had our faces firmly set toward college, or whatever else was to come after our High School course.

Our officers for the year were, Arthur Judd, president; Frances Manning, vice-president; and Helen Gooding, secretary and treasurer. We did not keep with us Edward Mosely, Paul Jones, Paul Varney, Mary Dana, Lillian Dutton, Florence Goodhue, Ruth Miller, or Ralph and Norton Shepard; but we gladly welcomed Esmond Rowley, Edwin Pritchett, and Stuart Webb.

Now we got directly behind the Seniors in the hall, when we were not taking special examinations, and we went oftener to the library, in spite of the fact that the novelty of it had worn off. We had a special Public day of our own, the most elaborate features of which

were a selection from "The Rivals" and gymnastic exercises by the girls. We all decided that it was quite the most successful Public day of the year. We also were allowed to go to the Senior dance, and enjoyed the overwhelming honor to the extent of our ability.

The girls had a field day in the spring, and the first prize for excellence in gymnastics was won by Gertrude Laubham. The Junior class also won the cup presented for basket-ball. As this was the first event of the kind in the history of the Brookline High School, our class is justly proud of the achievement.

Our spirit of mischief had not quite been extinguished by courses of study, for we enjoyed drawing faces on the chandeliers and decorating the busts of philosophers set about our rooms, quite as much as ever. Our levity was indulged by the number of functions which we attended that spring, among them the Gamma tea, the Tau Beta Beta tea and the Senior dance.

When we came back in the fall we found that among those who had left the class were Arthur Judd and Louis Farley, but Laura Pratt, Magdalene Dickerson, and William Shelton joined us during the course of the year.

We had now reached the height of our school ambition; we were Seniors. We could look down upon the rest of the school, and feel that we were lords of all we surveyed, but somehow we felt very natural and commonplace, in spite of our honors, but not a whit more dignified or wise. Perhaps it savored a bit of disappointment to some of us, but certainly it seemed strange that the place of those exalted beings to whom we had looked with so much admiration when we were lower classmen, could be so naturally filled by us.

We chose for our class president Edwin Pritchett; for our vice-president, Frances Manning; and for our secretary and treasurer, Helen Gooding.

During the winter a play was given through the influence and assistance of Mr. Brooks, and Florence Green, Helen Ordway, Edwin Pritchett and Sidney Burr all took prominent parts. We had a Senior public day, for which the boys gave an exhibition of fencing, a class prophecy was read, and several recitations were given. The committee for the Senior dance carried it through beautifully, and the affair went off with great *eclat.*

The scientific courses have seemed to be more popular than the

classical this year, and huge aprons have been flourished around the building all the year, while those occupying the class rooms have frequently been painfully conscious of the chemical laboratory.

We have occupied the front seats in the hall with deep satisfaction, having accomplished the last step in that gradual promotion, and it is a source of honest pride to us that at last we sit in Room 10. We can see ourselves in future years coming back to address a few words of advice to the school from the platform on some future Friday morning down the dim vista of years.

A number of members of our class have been well known in school athletics, and one of our members, Henry LeMoyne, has broken all swimming records. Quigley, Farley, Barndollar, Morse and Wilbor, have been members of the football team; LeMoyne, Farley and Barndollar were on the B. H. S. crew; and Quigley, Cook, Pritchett, played baseball. Among the girls Frances Manning and Carrol Parker, Helen Bush and Elizabeth Leland have played basket-ball.

Among those of our class who have been on the staff of The Sagamore are Frances Manning, Lillian Dutton, Ralph and Norton Shepard, John Boyd, Lester Gilbert, and Arthur Christensen, while Edwin Pritchett and Henry Hirshberg have shared the honor of being editor-in-chief during the past year.

At the end of the Junior year two of our classmates were prize winners,— Martin Cochrane took the prize for excellence in physics, and Henry Hirshberg won the prize for excellence in mathematics. The J. Murray Kay prize for declamation was divided between Henry Hirshberg and Charles Rowley.

Now we are about to say good-bye to our school, and go on to something wider and more serious. May this short sketch of our lives in the Brookline High School, made up of a few facts and much nonsense, bring up a few pleasant recollections of the time we spent within the walls; it is not intended to do more.

H. T. F.

PRIZES AND PRIZE WINNERS

THE J. MURRAY KAY PRIZES, consisting of $50 worth of books, are four in number.

Two of equal value, one for the boys and the other for the girls, are given for excellence in elocution. The public contest to determine the award of these prizes was held at the High School on Monday, June 16.

The winners were Jerome E. Heilborn and Margaret I. Jones.

The other two prizes, also of equal value, are awarded in the Senior Class for the best essays on subjects announced.

The winners were Florence E. Greene and Philip C. Jacobs. Honorable mention, Margaret V. Kelley, George B. Calkins.

THE WILLIAM H. LINCOLN PRIZES consist of five medals, which are awarded as follows:—

I. For Excellence in English.—A gold medal to a member of the first class for proficiency in English.

The basis of award was, in addition to the required work of the year, an essay on a subject announced.

Won by Emily Gertrude Morse. Honorable mention, Helen L. Gooding, Henry A. Hirshberg.

II. For Excellence in Modern Languages.—A silver medal to a member of the first class for marked proficiency in either French or German.

The basis of award was, in addition to the required work of the year, an oral and written test. This year the prize is given for excellence in French.

Won by Helen Louise Gooding. Honorable mention, Helen S. Barnes, Helen T. Fillebrown.

III. For Excellence in the Classics.—A silver medal for the best scholar of the first class in Greek or Latin.

The basis of award was a test in translation, sight and prepared, and in prose composition. This year the medal is given for proficiency in Latin.

Won by Henry Adler Hirshberg. Honorable mention, Eleanor F. Adams, Helen L. Gooding, Emily G. Morse.

IV. For Excellence in Physics.—A silver medal to the member of the second class who succeeds best in the required laboratory work of the year.

Won by Leon Lincoln Allen. Honorable mention, George W. Delano, Arthur K. Tylee.

V. For Excellence in Mathematics.—A silver medal to the member of the second class who passes most satisfactorily an examination in the year's mathematics.

Won by Frederick Henry Lahee. Honorable mention, Violet Edmands, Walter T. Hoover.

Prize Books Presented by J. Murray Kay, Esq.

For the Historical Essay:—

Prize A.

Life of Abraham Lincoln (2 vols.), by John T. Morse.
Life of Gouverneur Morris, by Theodore Roosevelt.
Three Episodes in Massachusetts History (2 vols.), by C. F. Adams.
Social and Economic History of New England (2 vols.), by Wm. B. Weeden.
School, College, and Character, by Le Baron R. Briggs.

Prize B.

Songs of Three Centuries, by John G. Whittier.
Illustrated Edition of The Beginnings of New England, by John Fiske.
Social and Economic History of New England (2 vols.), by Wm. B. Weeden.
The Mississippi Valley, by Hosmer.

For Excellence in Elocution:—

The Girl's Prize.

Songs of Three Centuries, by John G. Whittier.
Poetical Works of John G. Whittier.
Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell.
Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson.
Poetical Works of Robert Browning.
Life of James Russell Lowell (2 vols.), by Horace E. Scudder.

The Boy's Prize.

The Beginnings of New England, by John Fiske.
Old Virginia and her Neighbors, by John Fiske.
The American Revolution, by John Fiske.
Poetical Works of Alfred Tennyson.
School, College, and Character, by Le Baron R. Briggs.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

Brookline vs. Newton, at Cedar street.

May 2d Brookline played her first championship game and met defeat at the hands of Newton High by a score of 9 to 4. Newton took the lead in the first inning, mostly by errors of Brookline. Newell, Newton's pitcher, had excellent control and kept the hits well scattered, while Smith was unable to locate the plate and fielded his position poorly, his two wild throws helping Newton materially. The less said of the umpiring the better.

Score:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
N. H. S. . .	3	2	0	1	0	2	0	1	0	—9
B. H. S. . .	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	—4

Brookline vs. Brighton, at Brookline.

May 10th the "Remnants" played Brighton High on the Common and won in one of the closest and most exciting games seen there this season. Throughout the game it was nip and tuck, with the game undecided till the last man was out in the ninth inning. Both pitchers did excellent work and the fielding of both teams was very fast. Delano carried off the honors at the bat, getting four hits out of four times at bat, while E. Pritchett, Delano, and Dexter put up the best game in the field. Final score, Brookline, 9; Brighton, 7.

Score:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Brighton .	2	1	1	0	0	2	0	1	0	—7
B. H. S. . .	2	0	2	0	1	1	3	0	x	—9

Brookline vs. Thayer, at Braintree.

The High School team journeyed out to Braintree May 13th, and defeated the Thayer Academy team 9 to 7, by a great ninth inning finish. Up to the ninth inning Brookline was unable to hit the Thayer pitcher to any extent, getting only three runs in the first eight innings, and when the ninth inning began the score stood, Brookline, 3; Thayer, 7. Then Brookline by hard batting and the wildness of the Thayer pitcher piled up six runs, making the score

Brookline, 9; Thayer, 7; and, as Thayer failed to score in their half of the ninth, it gave Brookline the game. The feature was the fielding of Harry Walsh.

Score:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. H. S. . .	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	6	—9
Thayer . .	1	1	0	2	1	0	2	0	0	—7

Brookline vs. Hopkinson, at Cedar street.

The second league game, on May 20th, proved an easy victory over Hoppy. Hoppy could neither field not bat; while Brookline's fielding was excellent, though the batting was weak. Barndollar pitched good ball, keeping the hits scattered and having good control.

Score:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Hopkinson .	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	—3
B. H. S. . .	0	0	0	4	2	0	3	2	x	—11

B. H. S. vs. Cambridge Latin, at Cedar street.

May 23rd Brookline was again defeated, this time by Cambridge Latin by a score of 12 to 9. The game was closer than the score would indicate, being anybody's game until the ninth inning when Cambridge made two runs and clinched it. Brookline could not touch Burns, the crack Cambridge pitcher, except in the fourth, when they piled up six runs and tied the score. From here on the game was very exciting and would have been ours except for some costly errors. E. Pritchett and Walsh played best for Brookline. The feature was Burns' pitching, fourteen Brookline batters fanning.

Score:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
C. L. S. .	4	0	2	0	2	0	2	0	2	—12
B. H. S. . .	0	0	0	6	0	1	0	2	0	—9

Brookline vs. Boston Latin, at South End.

On Decoration Day Brookline played the last game of the season and was defeated by Boston Latin 11 to 1. Delano's absence greatly weakened the team. In the first inning Boston Latin made seven runs by good batting and some wretched errors. After this Brookline braced up in the field though she was lamentably weak at the

bat, getting but four scattered hits off White. In the eighth and ninth, Latin School again scored, getting two in each inning. Score:—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. L. S. . .	6	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	2	—11
B. H. S. . .	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—1

Standing of Preparatory League.

	Won.	Lost.	Percentage.
Newton - - - - - -	4	0	1.000
Cambridge Latin - - - -	3	1	.750
Boston Latin - - - - -	2	2	.500
Brookline - - - - - -	1	3	.250
Hopkinson - - - - - -	0	4	.000

Though Brookline only came in fourth in the League race, we think a great deal of credit is due the team. They have played in hard luck all year and, under the circumstances, put up a very good game of ball, and in a manner to bring credit on the High School. If the school had only supported the team better we might have done even better. Following is the summarized record: —

Games played - - - - - - - - -	13
" won - - - - - - - - -	8
" lost - - - - - - - - -	4
" tied - - - - - - - - -	1
Average of games won - - - - - -	.666

Runs made: Brookline, 154; Opponents, 92.

SPRING MEET.

Thursday, May 30th, the annual field day was held on the Common. The sports were divided into two sections, that in the morning including marching and drill by all the boys of the school, and the pentathlon, which was rather long drawn out on account of the number of contestants. At 3.30 the regular field sports began. The feature of the afternoon was W. D. Thompson's doing the hundred yards' dash in 10 1-5 seconds.

Summary.

1. 100 yards dash—Won by Thompson; second, Barndollar; third, Bittenbender. Time, 10 1-5 sec.

2. Hammer throw—Won by Heilborn; second, W. Shine; third, Lincoln. Distance, 78 ft. 10 in.

3. 220 yards dash—Won by Thompson; second, Barndollar; third, Morrison. Time, 24 4-5 sec.

4. 100 yards hurdle—Won by Morrison; second, Bittenbender. Time, 14 4-5 sec.

5. 440 yards run—Won by Thompson; second, Morrison. Time, 1 min. 10 sec.

6. Mile run—Won by Christensen; second, Shine; third, Brackett. Time, 5 min. 23 4-5 sec.

7. Running broad jump—Won by Bittenbender; second, Morrison; third, Brett. Distance, 18 ft. 6 in.

8. 880 yards run—Won by Bittenbender; second, Christensen; third, Brackett. Time, 2 min. 35 sec.

PHYSICAL TRAINING

Another year of struggle has passed,— a struggle for Mr. Schmidt and myself to get the boys and girls of the High School to do their best in the gymnasium and on the field; a struggle for the boys and girls to overcome their inclinations toward fooling and laziness, and settle down to earnest work.

There are few—if any—high schools in our country that offer such opportunities for physical training as this school offers. The time will come when many of our present pupils will be sorry that they did not take full advantage of these opportunities while they were in the school. But there are many also, both boys and girls, who will look back upon their gymnastic lessons with joy and pleasure, fully aware of the great benefit they have derived therefrom.

In my former article, June, 1901, I said that athletics and gymnastics both belong under the head of physical training, and that both together may be said to come very near to the ideal physical training of man. I also strongly urged the more athletically inclined boys to take more interest in gymnastics and to take part in more all-round sports, and I prophesied that the result would be that Brookline High School boys would become "champions in all bodily contests." I am still of this opinion, if the boys will only enter into

the all-round physical exercises with a purpose to conquer at any cost.

The pentathlon idea was presented to the boys rather late in the year, but in spite of this it may be said to have been a decided success. Some thirty boys went into it and took part in all the events. When we consider that this is the first of such contests in any school in this country, we may be proud of the result of our pioneer work.

Of a possible fifty points, Bittenbender made 39 1-48, Morrison and Thompson 37 and a fraction, Shelton 34, E. E. Pritchett and Brett 33 each, six other boys over 30 points apiece—a result that is certainly very satisfactory. It is interesting to see that Bittenbender came out ahead, since I stated last year that it was very doubtful if Thompson would be above Bittenbender another time, as the indications were that Bittenbender was a better all-round athlete. Still Thompson has done better than I expected, and if he will work his arm exercises more during the coming year he will probably graduate as the champion all-round athlete of the school.

The second class has come out ahead of the others,and therefore takes the pentathlon prize, the beautiful silver cup presented to the school by Dr. Walter Channing. Bittenbender having the highest points of any contestent in the first and second classes gets Mr. Sanford's prize, and Chester Brett of the fourth class wins Mr. Nissen's cup as the best all-round boy in the third and fourth classes.

The accompanying list shows the points which each boy received in the different events. A careful study of these will tell a good story.

In the contests for the girls, the form and style of the exercises are the principal points to be considered. The judges, Mr. Charles Eberhard of the B. A. A. and Mr. Schmitt, had a difficult task marking those eighteen young ladies who took part, as they all did excellent work and were close to each other.

In the first and second classes Miss Florence Greene had $43\frac{1}{2}$ points out of a possible 50, Miss Bush $42\frac{1}{2}$, Miss Fillebrown and Miss Helen Gooding $41\frac{1}{2}$, Miss Collins $40\frac{1}{4}$, Miss Slack $38\frac{3}{4}$.

In the third and fourth classes Miss A. W. Christensen had $52\frac{7}{8}$ points out of a possible 60, Miss F. Barndollar $52\frac{3}{4}$, Miss Ritchie $52\frac{1}{2}$, Miss Dunbar $51\frac{3}{4}$, Miss Bartlett $49\frac{1}{2}$, Miss F. Collins 49, Miss

Palmer 48¾, Miss McGrath and Miss Barrey 48, Miss Taylor 47⅜, and Miss Morse 43¼.

The result is good, and I consider it a great gain. Now let us keep on the good work and meet again next September full of life and ambition to become strong, and to conquer

HARTVIG NISSEN.

Tabular Statement Showing the Points Given in the Pentathlon.

1ST CLASS.

NAMES.	100 yd. Dash.	Parallel Bar.	Hop, Step and Jump.	Running High Jump.	Shot Put.	Total Points.
Christensen	6	6 3/8	6 5/6	7 1/2	4 2 5/32	31 4 7/96
Morrison	7	5 3/4	8 3/4	8 3/4	6 7 7/96	37 5/96
E. E. Pritchett	6 1/2	6 1/2	8 1 3/36	9	3 7/12	33 1 7/18
Shelton	5 1/2	7 5/8	7 5/6	7	6 5/96	34 1/96
Total						136 1 4 5/8 8

2D CLASS.

Bittenbender	8 1/2	6 3/8	8 1 3/24	9	6 2 9/48	39 1/48
Heilborn	—	4 1/2	7 7/12	5	7 1/4	24 1/4
Thompson	9	3 5/8	8 1 1/18	9	6 1 9/24	37 1/36
Shine	4 2/3	6 1/2	7 1/4	4	5 1 7/24	28 1/8
Total						158 1 3 3/144

3D CLASS A.

Barndollar	8	5 3/8	7 1/4	6	5 7/24	31 1 1/12
Bartlett	5	6 1/4	7 1 3/24	7 1/2	4 1 9/24	31 1/12
Dutton	4 2/3	7 1/2	3 2/3	3	—	18 5/6
Gibson	—	4 3/4	4 1/6	5	3 1 1/12	17 5/6
Stranahan	5 1/2	5 1/4	7 3/8	8	3 1 9/24	29 1 1/12
Total						129 3/4

3D CLASS B.

Brackett	—	3 1/2	1 2/3	4	2 3 5/48	11 4 3/48
Erhard	5	6	7 1/12	7 1/2	5 3 5/48	31 5/16
Iverson	6	6 3/8	7 1/12	8 1/4	4 2 9/32	32 5 9/96
Perry	5 1/2	5 1/2	5 1/3	4	5 1/4	25 7/12
J. Weeks	5	6 1/2	7 1/8	7 1/2	3 2 9/48	29 3 5/48
Total						131 1 3/96

4th Class A.

E. E. Allen	4	$3\frac{3}{8}$	$7\frac{3}{8}$	6	$2\frac{13}{16}$	$23\frac{9}{16}$
F. P. Allen	3	$3\frac{5}{8}$	$1\frac{1}{12}$	2	$2\frac{35}{48}$	$12\frac{7}{16}$
Brett	6	6	$8\frac{1}{9}$	7	$6\frac{29}{48}$	$33\frac{103}{144}$
Colman	4	$2\frac{5}{8}$	$5\frac{1}{3}$	2	$2\frac{13}{48}$	$16\frac{11}{48}$
Jones	$4\frac{1}{3}$	$2\frac{3}{8}$	$4\frac{1}{12}$	3	—	$13\frac{19}{24}$
Murray	6	$5\frac{1}{4}$	6	4	$3\frac{5}{16}$	$24\frac{9}{16}$
Total						$124\frac{43}{144}$

4th Class B.

Carmody	$3\frac{1}{3}$	5	$4\frac{2}{3}$	5	—	18
Finnegan	$4\frac{2}{3}$	$2\frac{1}{4}$	$7\frac{19}{48}$	6	$5\frac{11}{16}$	26
Furfey	$3\frac{2}{3}$	$6\frac{1}{2}$	$6\frac{7}{12}$	5	$3\frac{19}{24}$	$25\frac{13}{24}$
Norcross	5	2	$3\frac{1}{12}$	6	$2\frac{41}{48}$	$18\frac{15}{16}$
Sampson	$4\frac{1}{3}$	6	$3\frac{5}{6}$	5	$2\frac{1}{24}$	$21\frac{5}{24}$
Slack	$4\frac{1}{3}$	$3\frac{5}{8}$	$4\frac{19}{24}$	5	$3\frac{1}{24}$	$20\frac{19}{24}$
Total						$130\frac{23}{48}$

HOW WE FURNISHED THE HOUSE

"Each man's chimney is his golden milestone."

THE story of "How We Furnished the House" certainly cannot be valuable as an instructive work, for, since we were merely making an experiment, an account of our successes and failures can scarcely be expected to appeal to a reader desirous of practical information. Nor will this plain tale interest those who read to be amused, since our serious undertaking is not to be viewed in a humorous light. It is not, then, a story written with a purpose, but a simple account of earnest efforts, mistakes, triumphs, and, last but not least, the happiness won as a result of our home-making.

When my uncle, after traveling extensively for many years, returned home and decided to settle down, he chose me, his favorite niece, to help him in making a home for two lonely people—himself and me. You can judge of my happiness upon hearing this good news, when I tell you that I have been motherless and fatherless since childhood, and that I have passed the greater part of my life

in that rather dreary institution — a girls' boarding-school. The terms of the agreement were that we should work together and consult our own tastes and inclinations rather than the advice of friends. My uncle, you see, has always had a shrewd suspicion that this advice, however well meant, leads more often to trouble and confusion than to happy results. I must tell you here that we, the partners in this joint enterprise, had one point in common — neither had had any experience whatever, and therefore neither could assume that superior air so exasperating to the ignorant.

Though we felt rather helpless at first, we sought aid from those numerous articles which may be read in almost any popular magazine or paper, on the best methods of obtaining marvelous results from the smallest possible amount of material. For my part, I have never considered the information about making furniture from packing-boxes as of any more practical value than the equally well-meant advice, appearing at regular intervals in the Ladies' Home Journal, on "How to Make Over My Old Black Silk Dress." My uncle, too, has a well-founded contempt for this so-called practical assistance, for, in his younger days, he once made, from the material furnished by half a barrel, a deceitful looking rocking-chair which endangered the life and health of all the members of his family. He has, therefore, learned much from experience, and we, relying only on our common sense, have not made many egregious blunders.

Our first care was to carpet the lower floor of the house — a small, modern house, lacking perhaps in an appearance of elegance, but certainly not of comfort. The floor of the dining-room was highly polished, but the parlor and library we carpeted in green, and the reception room and halls in dark blue, figured in buff, a combination which proved very effective with the oak paneling. Our chief thought in furnishing was to give an air of individuality to every room, and to avoid that painful impression of an upholsterer's shop, so apparent in many houses. When we had disposed of the carpeting, we turned our attention to the dining-room.

I confess that, being profoundly ignorant of that very important branch of study, domestic science, I do not know in what order the methodical and well-informed people furnish their homes. We began with the dining-room, as that room suggested no difficulties,

even to our inexperience. We felt that conventional furniture was certainly required here, and we had no intention of defying traditions. The room was paneled in oak, the draperies being of dark red. The table, sideboard, serving-table, and chairs were all of oak. The sideboard was very massive and imposing, and I was indeed thankful that the family silver boasted of solid and dignified pieces, as anything small upon that vast expanse would have had a ludicrous effect. When we had hung a few of the family portraits, we were well satisfied with the result of our labors, and we turned our attentions in a new direction.

The furnishing of the reception room, my uncle maintained, was a woman's work, and he would have nothing to do with it. Here I might furnish according to my own taste and he would promise to be satisfied with the result. I was not surprised at this decision, for I knew that the dear man had a truly masculine contempt for all small and apparently useless pieces of furniture. A tiny, ornamental chair, he argued, was not only useless, but it invariably proved an irresistible and fatal attraction for the stout and unwieldly, as well as the very tall people. I have since felt the truth of this statement, and I have often pondered on how supremely uncomfortable a very tall man must be, seated perilously upon one of these trifles, to which he is apparently so devotedly attached. But my thoughts have nothing to do with this story, and I must return to my subject.

The reception room was small and not difficult to furnish, inasmuch as I chose everything with a view to conventionality, preferring to give my time and thought to the parlor. When completed, it was a white and gold room, the only touches of individuality being a few choice pictures which my uncle had brought from abroad and a large, oval mirror, framed in gold. The room, on the whole, had an air of daintiness and charm, and my partner was apparently satisfied with my work.

The parlor and library were, unfortunately, connecting rooms, and we decided to make them harmonize so far as paper, carpet, and curtains were concerned. These were our green rooms, inasmuch as the portieres, carpets, and heavy cartridge paper were all of that color. The parlor curtains were of Arabian lace, and those for the library of heavy velours, hanging in straight unbroken lines.

In the parlor, a Steinway grand occupied a place of honor and

threatened to dwarf all smaller and less pretentious pieces of furniture. In one corner, near a divan heaped with pillows, stood my tea table, giving a hospitable air to the room. It has never been used for furnishing purposes alone,—it has seen good service, and many are the pleasant memories connected with that little table. Certain pieces of furniture are, indeed, like silent friends. They speak to us of "old, kind years," and of dear faces and voices which are gone, some of them forever.

Standing quite alone, between two windows, was a small table with only a few choice books and my mothers' picture upon it. My uncle eyed the dainty little table questioningly when it first came home, but when he understood for what purpose I intended it, he was silent, and one day a beautiful vase was quietly added to the little collection,— a vase which has never lacked a long-stemmed rose, or a few choice flowers. My uncle chose the chairs, and they were large and comfortable, though not of the old-fashioned, upholstered order. What a care housekeeping must have been in the olden times when all the furniture was so ponderous and unwieldly, and a continuous battle had to be fought with dust and other destroying forces!

We spent some days in hanging the pictures, and a long and tedious undertaking it was. We were fortunate in one respect, however,— we did not have a varied collection of works of art, accumulated by different members of the family and therefore sure to have an incongruous effect when grouped together.

The library was furnished almost entirely by my uncle, with some help from me, consisting principally, I believe, in supplying numerous pillows for the couch and cosey corner, and in putting away many of the books. There was one large book-case, the rest of the books being disposed of upon shelves which extended along two sides of the room. The library practically furnished itself, and, with the addition of a few comfortable chairs, a library table, and a cosey corner, it was complete. The crowning glory of the room, however, was an open fireplace — the life of any room.

Upstairs we divided our forces, as each wished to work independently. I was to furnish my chamber and the guest-room, my uncle his own private rooms. Neither was to see the work of the other until it was completed, that being one of my childish whims which my uncle good-humoredly indulged.

My first care was to choose a matting for my room. I have been told that polished floors and rugs are most desirable for a chamber, but I preferred a matting. A strictly hygienic room is not always comfortable or convenient, and I like to be comfortable even at the risk of a few extra particles of dust.

My paper has always delighted my soul, and I enjoy it as much now as when it first greeted my eyes. It is of a delicate cream color, relieved by masses of great sprawling pink roses. They are not tiny flowers, nor are they grouped with hard pinched buds; these roses are generous in size, vivid in coloring, and artistic in arrangement.

On one side of the room, against the wall, stood a small brass bedstead. The chiffoniere and toilet table were of oak, the toilet table being draped in white, relieved by pink, and harmonizing with the papering of the room. My desk and work-basket stood between two windows and gave a business-like air to an otherwise frivolous room. I confess that the work-basket, however dainty, has no charms for me: it is a necessary evil. Opposite the bed, where it greets me the first thing every morning, hangs "Mona Lisa," to me one of the most fascinating of pictures.

Near the desk was a low book-case containing my beloved set of Dickens, a few volumes of poems, and my school books. My other books were disposed of in the library, but I would not be separated by even a flight of stairs from my dear old favorites, "A Tale of Two Cities," "Bleak House," and all the rest. As for the school books, I must confess that I keep them with me not from any tender attachment which I may feel for them, but rather from stern necessity. The truth is that there is no room for them in the library.

With the disposal of a small table, a few light chairs, and some pictures, I considered the furnishing of my chamber complete, but I should not fully describe the room if I did not mention the quaint little mahogany cradle which occupies a place of honor. It belonged to my grandmother, and though made for a doll, it is as perfect as if it had been designed for a real flesh and blood baby. I remember how carefully the expressman, a great, burly man, brought it into the room, and how reverently he set it down. Perhaps the quaint, ugly little thing suggested some tender memory to him.

The guest-room I furnished in a conventional manner, leaving my individual taste out of the question, for I think that it is hard for

the unhappy visitor to have the peculiarities of his hosts thrust upon him, even when he takes refuge in his retreat. I made the room as attractive as I could, however, with light matting and draperies, and furniture of bird's-eye maple. It is one of the brightest and sunniest corners of our house, and altogether it is very dainty and pleasing.

When I had accomplished all this, and found that my uncle also had completed his labors, we made a tour of the rooms together. My part of the house was declared to be satisfactory, and then we went across the hall to pass judgment on the other rooms.

My heart sank at the first glance into my uncle's room, and I am not yet reconciled to this gloomy spot. The floor was perfectly bare, with not even a rug to relieve its cheerless surface. No curtains graced the windows, nor were there ornaments of any description in this retreat of Spartan-like simplicity. A narrow iron bed, a dressing-case, and two straight chairs made up an inventory of the furniture.

My uncle glanced proudly about the bare little cell and assured me that it was a perfectly healthful chamber. I was not disposed to argue the point, for it would have been a very determined microbe indeed who would have dared to invade that sanctuary dedicated to health.

We passed next to the "den," and here words fail me. The "cell," as I call it, could be described in very few words, but this room defied any description which could do it full justice. It seemed as though my uncle's tastes, rigidly suppressed in the furnishing of his chamber, had now been expressed in a splendidly independent manner.

The prevailing color here was red. Everywhere there was an impression of neglect and disorder. A large table, piled high with dusty books and indescribable heaps of papers, stood in the center of the room. A wide, old-fashioned fireplace, in which some big logs were blazing, gave an air of friendliness and good cheer to the room. A comfortable looking couch was drawn near the fire, and a few capacious leather chairs suggested rest and many a friendly conference. Many photographs and curios of every sort and description were scattered about with reckless profusion. Suspended over the doorway gleamed a pair of swords, a well-worn flag graced the mantel, and everywhere hung rows of villainous looking pipes and

steins, some quaint, some ugly. The flag is dear to my uncle's heart, for, like everything else in that room, it has a history.

The most striking feature of this room was its apparent disorder, and I immediately began to make plans for a general reorganization. I think that my uncle must have divined my purpose, however, for he explained at some length that his den was never, under any circumstances, to be "put in order,"—that process feared and disapproved of by the sterner sex.

As I have said, my uncle's den defied description, and I have not yet exhausted a study of its delights. Though rigidly excluded when the house-cleaning fever is upon me, I am cordially welcomed when I come in peace, and many are the pleasant evenings that I have spent, curled up on a couch, listening to my uncle's delightful reminiscences. The dear man is not often inclined to talk about himself, but what he has to say when he lays aside his reticence is well worth listening to.

We now had only the maid's room and the kitchen to furnish, and both are so like others of their kind that much need not be said about them here. I was careful to have everything in the maid's room which was necessary to her comfort, and the room was as dainty, in its own way, at that reserved for my guests. In fitting up the kitchen I remember that I amused my uncle by the enthusiasm with which I bought countless pots and pans of every size and shape and the despair in which I tried to stow them away, for our kitchen is comparatively small.

I am sure that long before I reached this point it must have been apparent to all that my uncle and I are two very inexperienced householders, and that, in some respects, we have extraordinary taste. The first fault was inevitable, as for the second charge, we plead guilty. But do not imagine that we are not much wiser now than we were, and do not despair of our taste—it may improve.

As for the house, I am sure that we have enjoyed it the more because we furnished it ourselves. We certainly have been happy here, from the day when, in the midst of confusion, we first appeared on the scene, down to the present time, when things are beginning to look as we would like to have them. And so the moral of this story without a plot is: Furnish your own house. No matter how limited in experience and resources you may be, you will be more successful if you carry out your own ideas in furnishing than if you depend upon the taste of others. Then your home will be more a part of yourself, for in it you will have expressed your individuality. But whether you furnish it yourself, or some one furnishes it for you, the home is made dear by the associations which cluster around it.

"*We may build more splendid habitations,*
Fill our rooms with painting and with sculpture,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!"

EMILY GERTRUDE MORSE.

THE SAGAMORE

Published the second Tuesday of each month throughout the school year, from November to June inclusive, at the High School Building, Brookline, Mass., and devoted to the interests of the Brookline High School.

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EDITORIALS

Arthur O. Christensen has resigned his position as Business Manager of this paper, and Daniel G. Lacy has assumed the burden for this June number.

On Monday, June the second, Waldo Moore Richards, '01, died at Yale College Infirmary, of typhoid fever, after an illness of five weeks. You all knew him; you all loved him. How strong a member of the Debating Club he was; how successfully he managed The Sagamore, and how he wrote the J. Murray Kay prize essay, are facts well known to you all. But it is for something more than his talents that we admire Waldo Richards. His sterling qualities, his fine sense of honor, his cheerfulness of temperament, his kindliness, have often put us younger boys to shame, and made us strive to be more like him. He was ever ready for work or play, and he did each at its proper time. He was not an athlete, but an ardent supporter of the school teams. His build and strength would not allow his playing on the football team, but he did all in his power to encourage the boys of the squad. That he should be taken from us now, with every hope of a brilliant future before him, seems hard indeed, but as Dr. Gordon said, we should thank God for the example of that pure life. To the brother, the sharer of all his boyish griefs and pleasures, and to the sorowing mother, we extend our most heartfelt sympathy, and trust that they may find consolation in the thought that his soul has gone back to the Creator of all things, pure, as it came from Him.

Our Senior year at Brookline High School has come to an end. Four years of study, of play, of idleness, and of work have passed away since we entered the Freshman class. Now we leave the old associations, the zealous teachers, the happy school-mates. Some of us are going to college, these, we hope, to make good use of the training acquired at the old Alma Mater; some of us go forth into the world to begin the struggle of life, while our hearts are young and our minds yet free from care. Yet we shall never forget the dear old school, or fail to feel thankful for all the sacrifices our teachers have made for us. Long live Brookline High School! will ever be our fervent prayer.

NEWS NOTES

We, the class of 1905, feel very much indebted to the many teachers and older scholars who so kindly gave us their aid in the preparation for our Class day. We think that much of the success of the day was due to them, and we take this opportunity of thanking them for their kindness.

The two portraits, one of ex-President McKinlev and the other of Col. Roosevelt, which have been presented to us by friends of the school, mark a good beginning. Each class might continue the good work by giving to the school a portrait of some great American.

Everybody cannot be pleased. Some of the Senior maidens are sad because their own graduation comes the same day as that of Harvard.

It seems too bad that the classes of this school cannot play with each other a fair, honest game of baseball. There are always quarrels during the games, and hard feelings after them. The umpires are always accused of cheating and of partiality, a condition of affairs that is disgraceful. One of the best features of the school is thus made one of its worst. It is too late to remedy the matter this year; but the best way to have decent, orderly class games seems to be to have as umpire a person who does not belong to the school—one whom no one will dare to accuse of being unfair.

All those who saw the field day declare that it was a great success. After the fine display last month, the field day is no longer an experiment; it is one of the successful features of the school.

It is said that one boy in the Senior class has five examinations coming upon the same day at Harvard. That boy will know what it is to work.

Mr. Sanford executed a flank movement when he made the final examinations come the very last week of school. Pupils cannot thus take their vacations earlier than the law allows.

Who will win the prize speaking? Who will get the English, the French, and the Latin medals? Who will get diplomas? Who will get left? These are some of the questions now being asked in the school.

Geoffrey Bartlett, a former member of the second class, is now in Brookline.

The playing of the catcher on the third class team deserves praise. What he lacks in size he makes up in energy. He acts and does no talking, and plays a good, clean game.

Just think of the nice cool swims that we shall soon enjoy, in lake or ocean, and of the sailing and fishing, and the joys of not going to school. It seems too good to be true.

Helen Eglee, of the class of 1903, has left school.

The lower classes, as well as the Senior class, have been having their pictures taken.

Teacher—What is the meaning of the word lineament?

H. T.—It is something to rub on sore muscles.

George Dearborn, former member of the B. H. S., has just received his M.D. from Tufts.

Overheard in III. Greek — "They made wine from the acorns of a date tree."

The III. Latin class was recently informed that the Trojans were fond of serenades, by one youth who announced that "the boys sang around the unmarried girls."

The tennis court is greatly enjoyed by people who play.

The neat appearance of the board in Room 11 after the III. Geometry gets through with it is calculated to astonish every one.

The man who took the class pictures had some difficulty in keeping the fourth class still, especialy as chalk was being dropped on their heads from the windows above.

The III. German class has not yet recovered from its astonishment at learning that the Germans wear clothes.

A few observing students of mathematics looked very anxious when a boy announced his intention of drawing a line parallel and perpendicular to another line. They were afraid that he would dislocate some of his members in the attempt.

The boys certainly returned good for evil when they invited all the girls to be present at their field day.

Lack of space alone obliges us to omit an account of "Lilac Day," the charming out-door class-day of 1905. Many classes have done excellently, but the Freshmen showed themselves quite equal to the occasion, and proved themselves to be delightful entertainers. They do not take back seats when a May-pole dance is on the green.

LOCALS

There was considerable excitement among the boys of Room 10 when the following notice appeared on the board: "Members of the Senior class may obtain Princesses from the Stock room."

Lady to dog-breeder—"Do you consider my dog A1?"
Dog-breeder—"No, madam. He 's a K9."

Did you notice that wan(d) look on the faces of the Seniors a few days ago, when they were asked to collect the drilling sticks?

Nell—"What makes you think that Sister Fan and that young Mr. Walters that called here last night are engaged?"
Belle—"Because I found three cigars on the mantel when I put the parlor in order this morning."—(Ex.

A lover of all things antique
Came to town some rare treasures to seique;
But at the shop when he strayed
They brought out an old maid,
And he went into a trance for a wieque.—(Ex.

The Senior class pictures were taken by Purdy, but the samples displayed in Room 10 were "taken" by somebody else, whose identity, as yet, is a profound secret.

De Banque—"You seem to entertain positive hate for those department stores."
De Ranque—"I do, indeed. It was there, I'm sure, that my wife contracted the habit she has of calling out 'cash' every pay night."—(Ex.

"And after the storm the women gathered on the rocks to watch the remnant of the fishing fleet sail homeward."
Naturally. No woman would be willing to miss a remnant sail.—(Ex.

She prides herself upon the French
She speaks with elegance;
She really thinks it 's just as good
As if she'd lived in France.
But once a Frenchman heard it, and
You 'll judge of its effect
When we declare he thought it was
Her "Yankee dialect."—(Ex.

Mr. Case—"Shine, what is a polygon?"
Shine—"A lost parrot."

There are B. H. S. boys in the crew when Stone's School wins the race.

RESOLUTIONS

WHEREAS, Almighty God has called from this world into eternal life, Waldo Moore Richards, the beloved son of Mrs. Waldo Richards, a member of the Brookline High School Debating Club for four years, and an officer for three years, who died at New Haven, Connecticut, Monday, June 2d, 1902:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Brookline High School Debating Club, place upon our records this expression of our sorrow at the death of one who was so closely identified with the work of the Debating Club and the School.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved mother and brother our heartfelt sympathy, and pray the God of all grace to comfort them.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family and printed in The Sagamore.

Signed,

DANIEL G. LACY,
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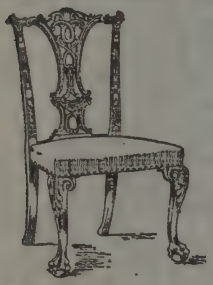

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